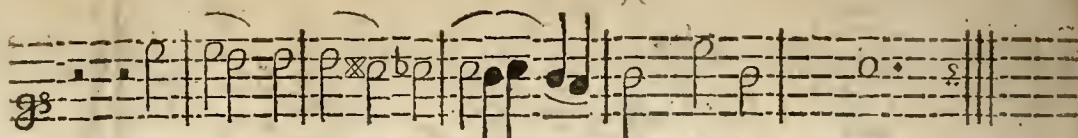


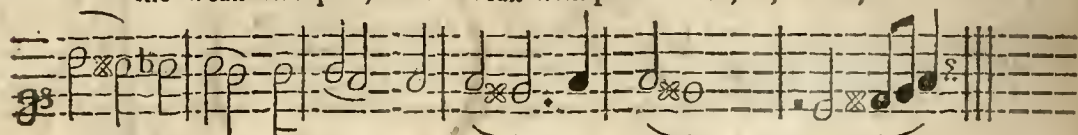
1m 4

1m 5 15 4

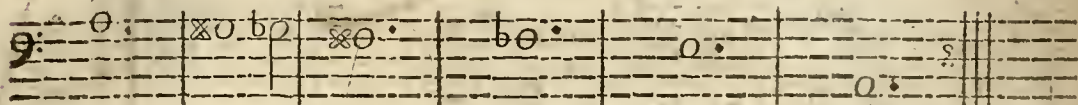




the weak with pain, the weak with pain. No, no, no,



pain, the weak with pain, the weak with pain. No, no,

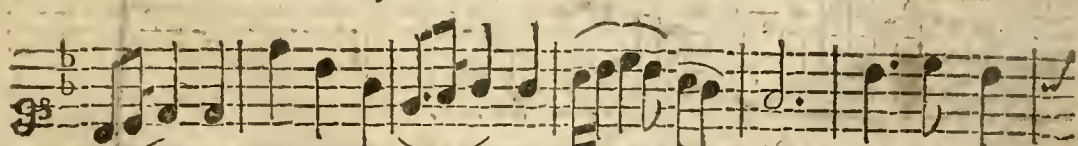
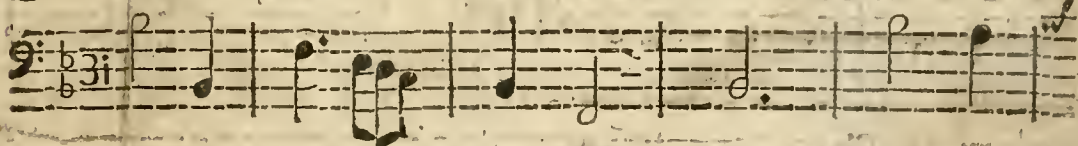


End with the first Strain from this mark. :S:

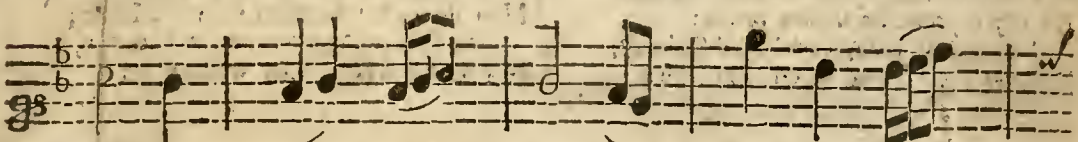
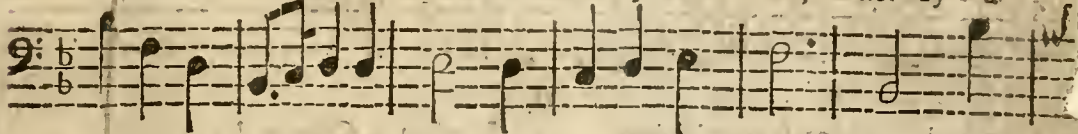
### A Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



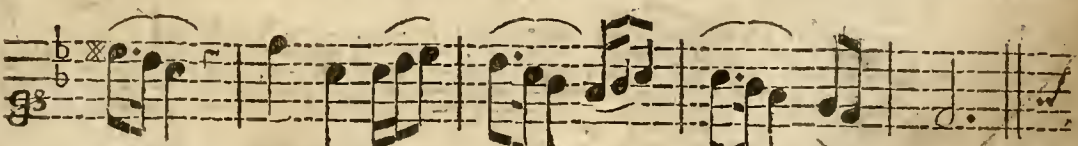
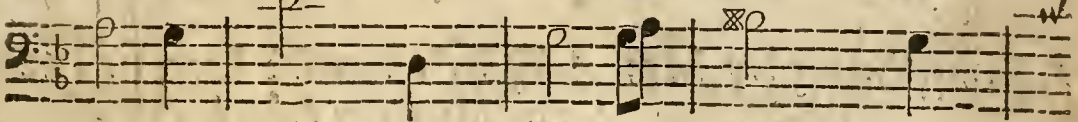
S He that wou'd gain a faith—full Lo—ver, must at a



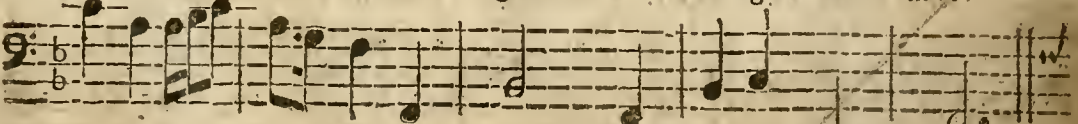
distance, must at a di—fance keep the slave; not by a



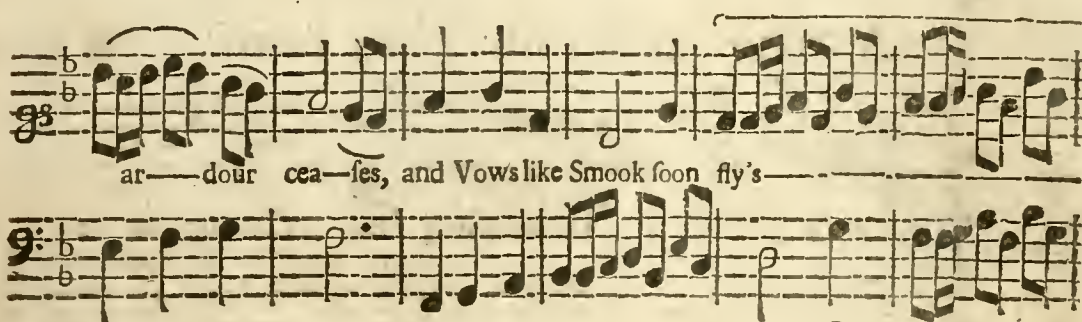
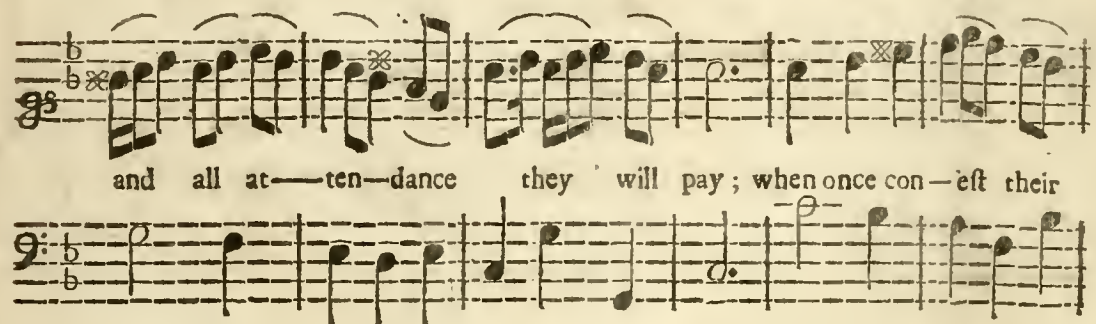
look her Heart dis—co—ver, Men shou'd but



guess, Men shou'd but guess the thoughts we have.





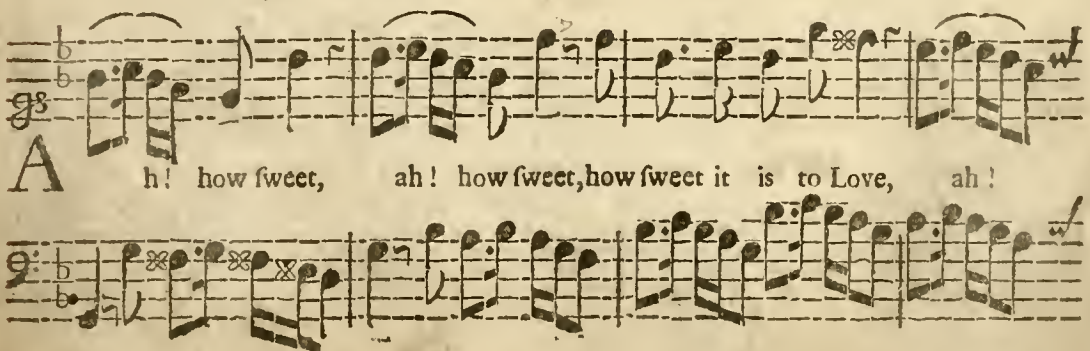


## II.

Then fond *Aurelia* cease complaining,  
All thy reproaches useleſs prove;  
Beauty may conquer whilst diſdaining,  
But loſe their value when they love:

So when a Comet does appear,  
Men do with trembling view the Blaze ;  
The Sun too common none does fear,  
Nor on his Beams with wonder gaze.

A Song Sung by Mrs. Ayliff in *Tyrannick Love*, or the  
*Royal Martyr*. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.





ah! ah! how gay is young de— fire:

And what plea—sing pain, and what plea—sing pain we prove; when first, when

first we feel a Lovers fire; paines of Love are swee—ter

far, then all, all, all, all, all, all o—ther pleasures are; paines of

Love are swee—ter far, then all, all, all, all other plea—

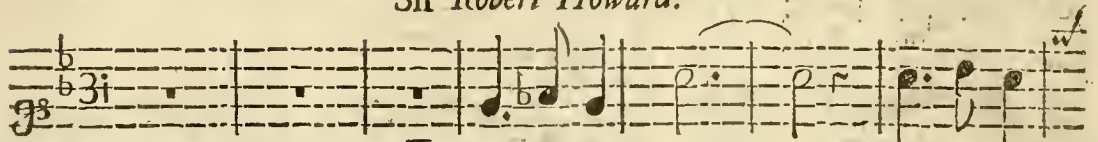
fures are. are.

II.

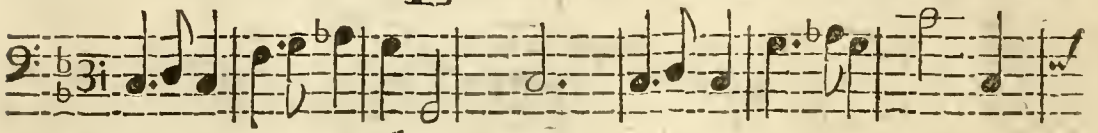
Sighs that are from Lovers blown,  
Gently move and heave the Heart;  
Even the Tears they shed alone,  
Like trickling Balsome cure the smart;

Lovers when they loose their breath,  
Bleed away an easy death.

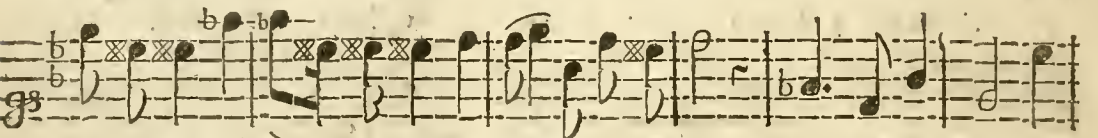
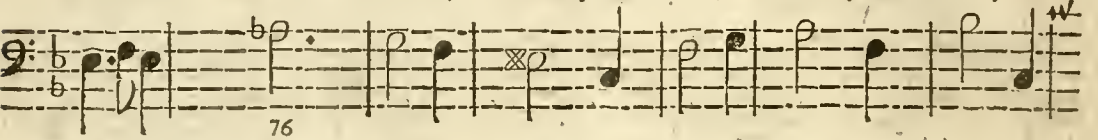
A Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell. The Words by  
Sir Robert Howard.



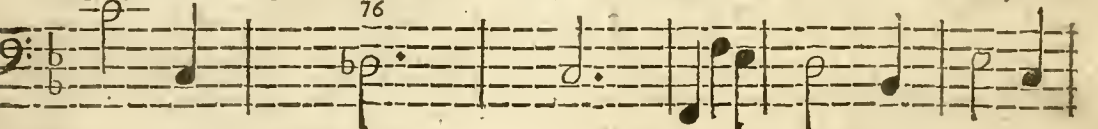
L Ove thou can't hear, Love thou can't



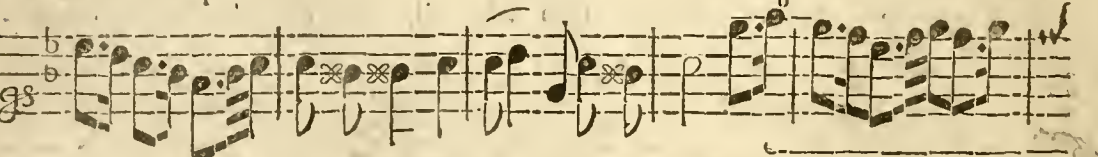
hear tho' thou art blind; leave my heart free, leave my heart free, oh!



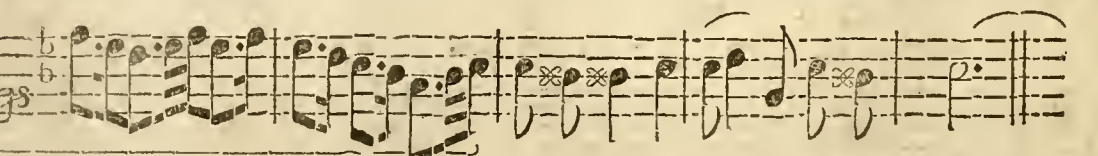
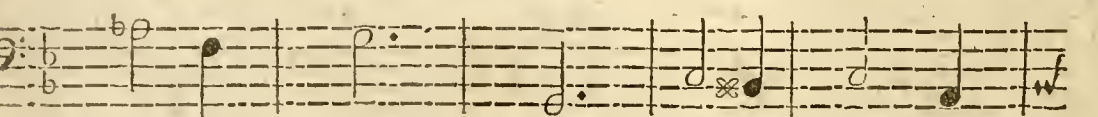
pitty me, oh! pit—ty me, since Clo—ris is unkind; leave my heart free, oh!



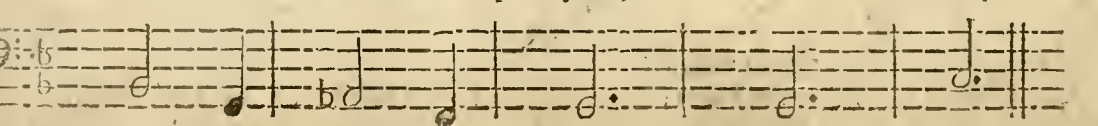
pit—ty me, oh! pit—ty me oh!



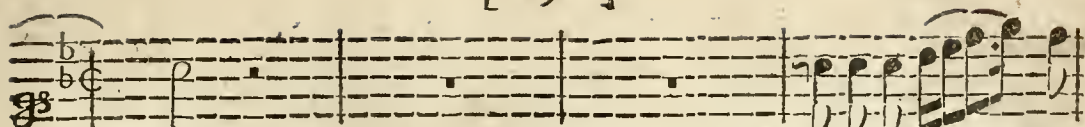
pit—ty me, since Clo—ris is unkind oh!



pit—ty me, since Clo—ris is un—kind.]



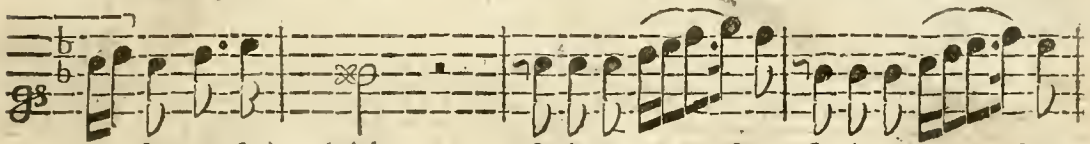
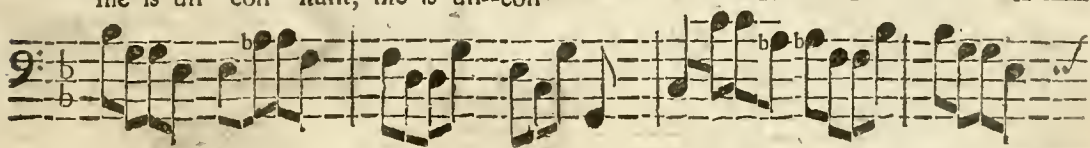




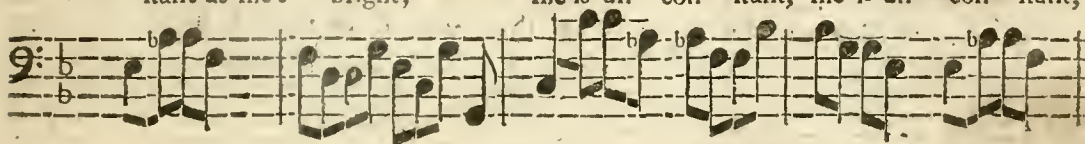
She is un—con—stant,



she is un—con—stant, she is un—con—



stant as she's bright; she is un—con—stant, she is un—con—stant,



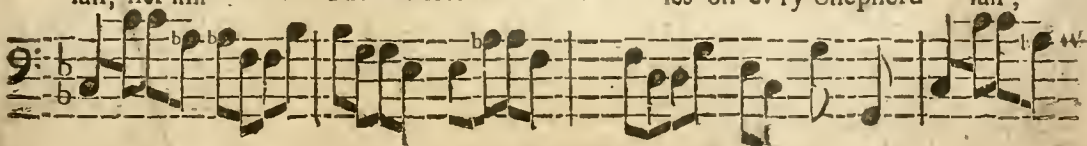
she is un—con—stant as she's bright;



her smi—les on ev'ry Shepherd



fall, her smi—les on ev'ry Shepherd fall;



Handwritten musical notation for the first system of 'The Bird Song'. The notation is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note B-flat, a quarter note A, and a quarter note G. This is followed by a half note F, a half note E, and a half note D. The next measure contains a quarter note C, a quarter note B-flat, and a quarter note A. The final measure of the system contains a quarter note G, a quarter note F, and a quarter note E. The system ends with a double bar line.

[illegible]

The first staff of music is in G major, 2/4 time. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of the following notes: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4-G4 (beamed eighth notes), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (half), and a final G4 (half) with a fermata.

ves to mine on an, and as the sun, and as the sun, a

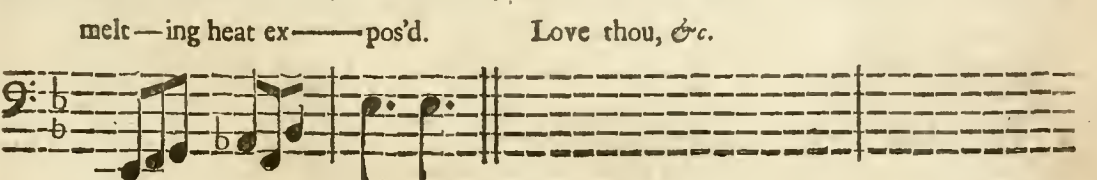
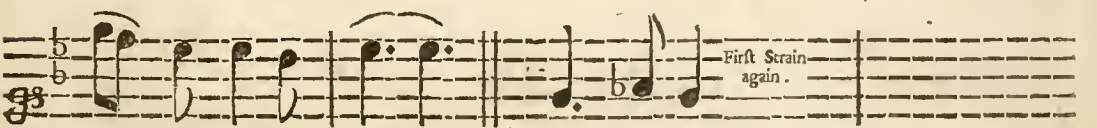
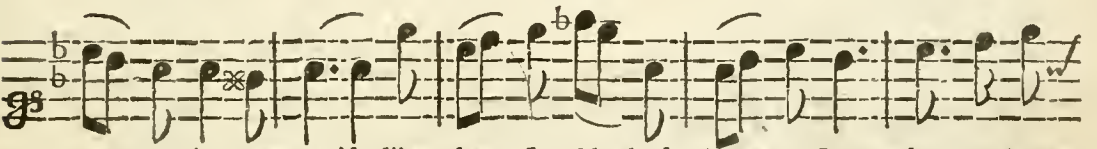
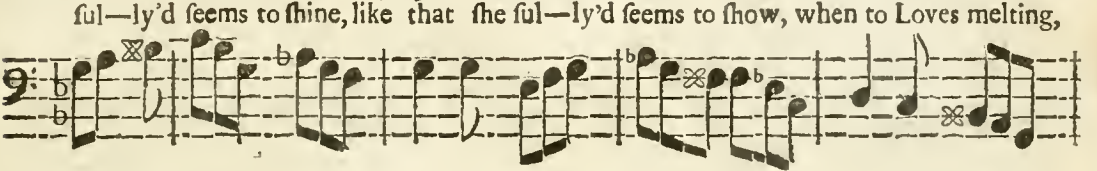
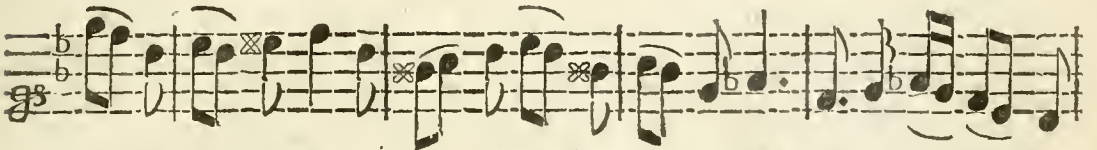
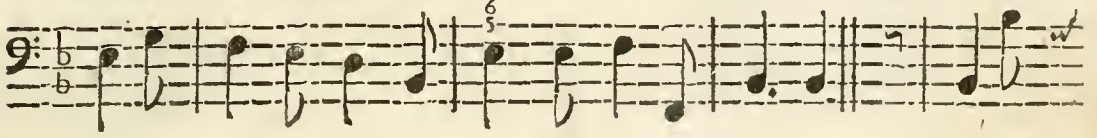
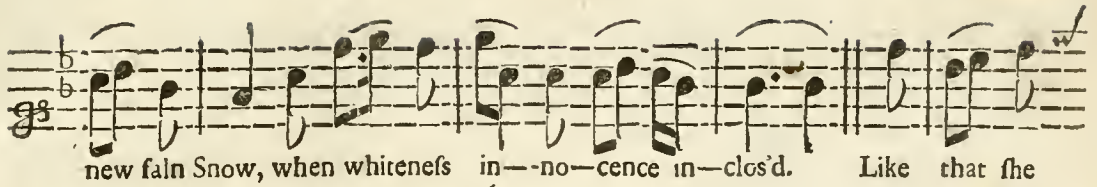
ies his light, the vainly, the vain-ly loves to mine, the vainly

Musical notation for the bass line of 'The Bird Song'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of the following notes: G2 (quarter), A2 (quarter), B-flat2 (quarter), A2 (quarter), G2 (quarter), F2 (half), and a whole rest. The piece ends with a double bar line.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The melody is simple and melodic, typical of a bird song.

6 3i 4





## Brisk Time.

The powerfull Charms shall now be try'd, the powerfull

charms shall now be try'd; this Fury, this

Fury from my breast to chase, I'll summons

scorn, revenge and pride; I'll summons, summons scorn, revenge and pride;

Slow.

at least her Image, at least her Image, her Image to deface.



A Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell. The Words by  
Mr. Congreve.

Ious Cc---lin---da goes to Prayers, if I but ask, if I but ask the

favour; and yet the tender, tender Fool's in tears when she believes, when

she believes I'll leave her: Wou'd I were, wou'd I were free from this restraint, or

else had hopes, or else had hopes to win her; wou'd she cou'd, wou'd she cou'd

make of me a Saint, or I of her, or I of her a Sinner;

wou'd I cou'd, wou'd I cou'd, oh! wou'd I cou'd make of her a Sinner.

A Song set by Mr. Courtiville. The Words by  
Mr. Congreve.

G Rant me gen-tle Love, said I, 'one choice blessing e're I dye,

long I've born ex-cess of pain, let me now, let me now, let me now,

now some blifs ob-tain; thus, thus, thus, thus to al-migh-ty

Love, almigh-ty Love I cry'd when an-gry, thus, thus, thus, thus,

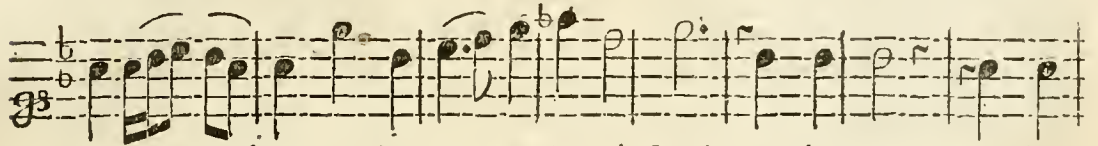
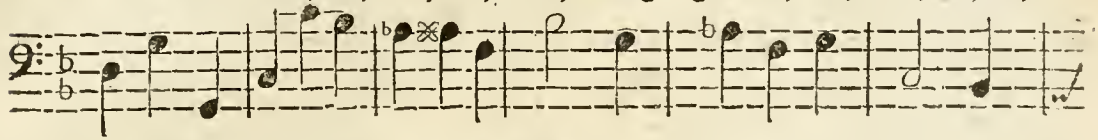
thus, thus, thus, thus, when angry, thus, thus, thus the God re-ply'd: when

an-gry, thus, thus, thus the God re-ply'd: B'effings greater, none, none, none, none

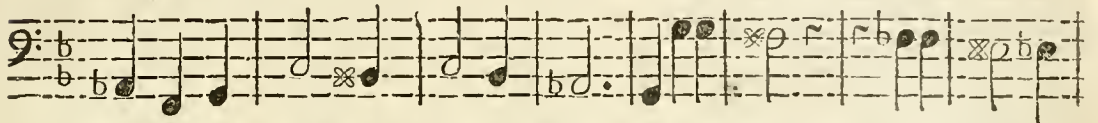




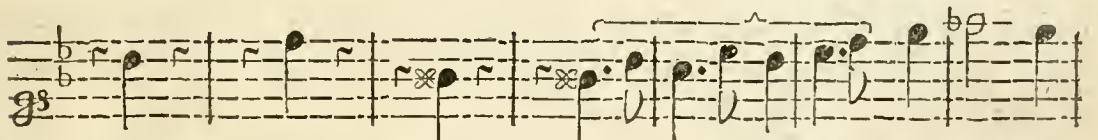
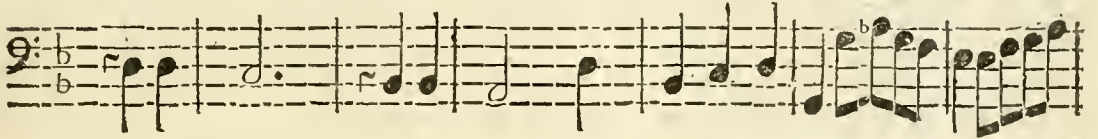
none can have, no, no, no, none, blessing's grea-ter, no, no, no, no,



no, none can have; art thou not A-min-ta's slave? art thou not, art thou



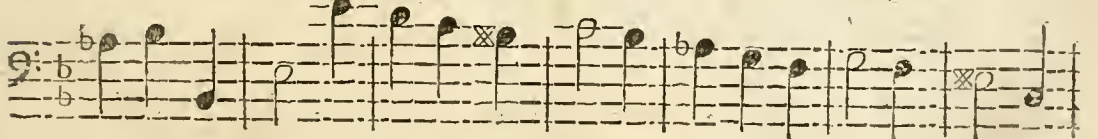
not, art thou not, art thou not A-min-ta's slave? cease,



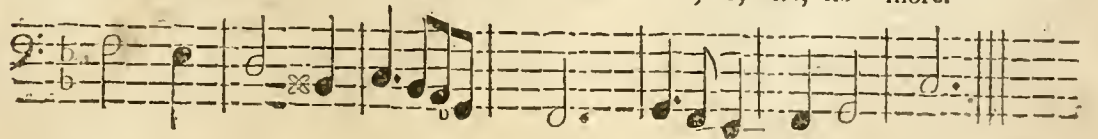
cease, cease, cease, cea — — — — — se-fond mor — tal



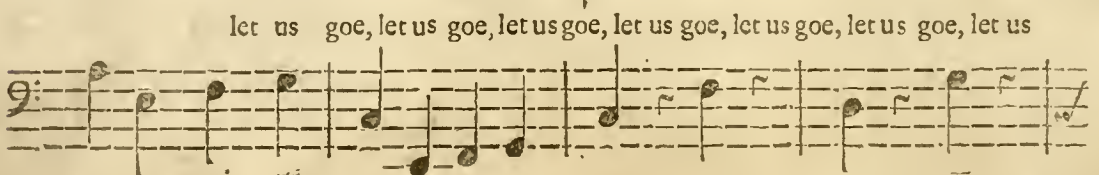
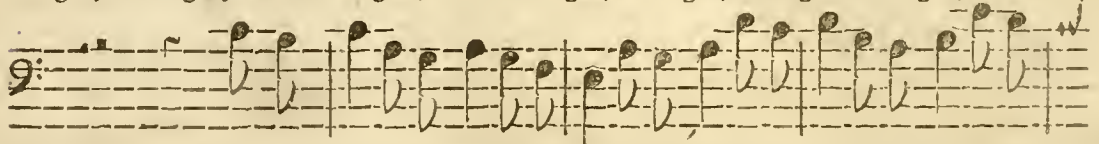
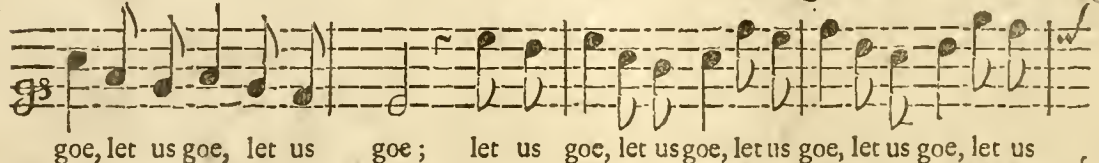
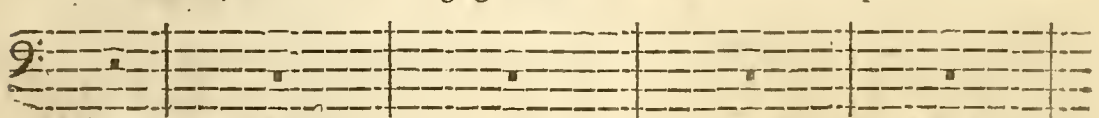
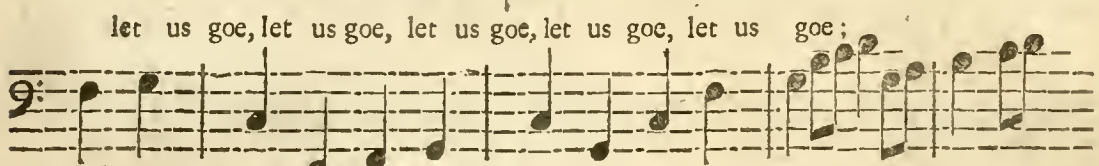
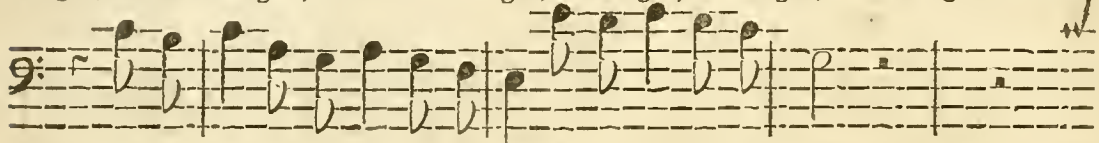
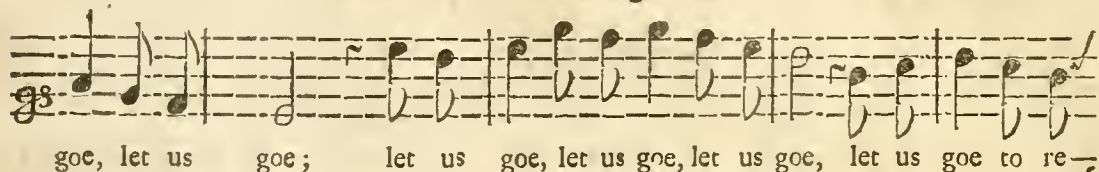
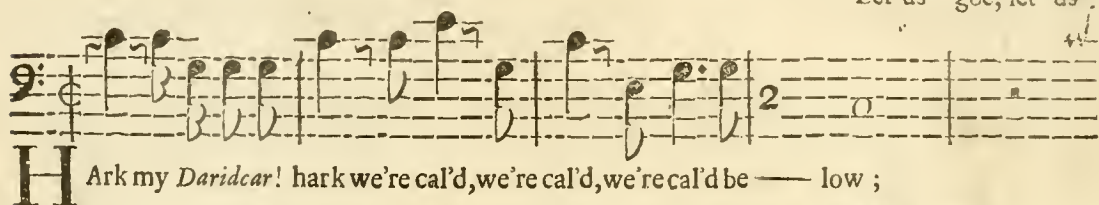
to implore, for Love, Love himself's no more, no more, for Love him-



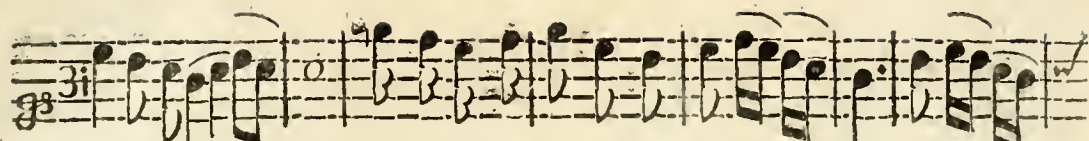
— self's, no more, for Love himself's no more, no, no, no more.



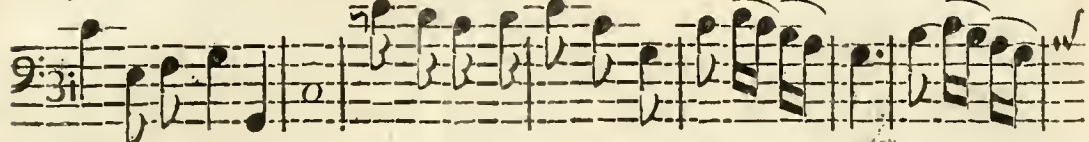
A Dialogue in *Tyrannick Love*, or the *Royal Martyr*,  
Sung by Mr. *Bowman*, and Mrs. *Ayliff*, Set by Mr. *H. Purcell*.



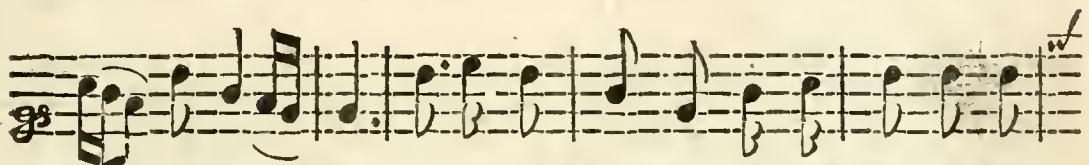




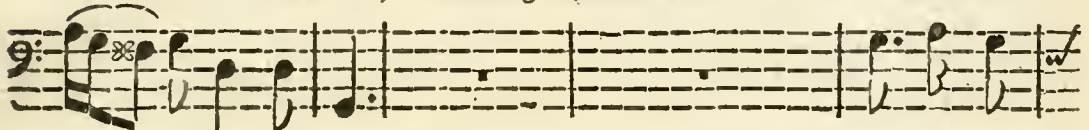
goe, let us, let us goe; merry, mery, merry we Sayle from the East; half tip--pl'd



goe, let us, let us goe; merry, merry, merry we Sayle from the East; half tip-pl'd

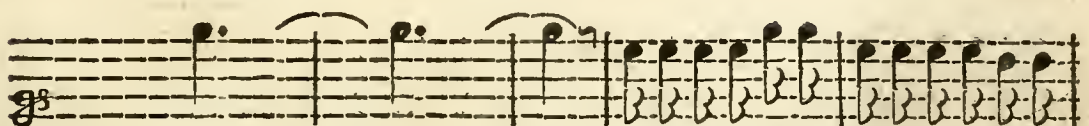


at the Rainbow Feast; in the bright Moon-shine whilst the Winds whistle

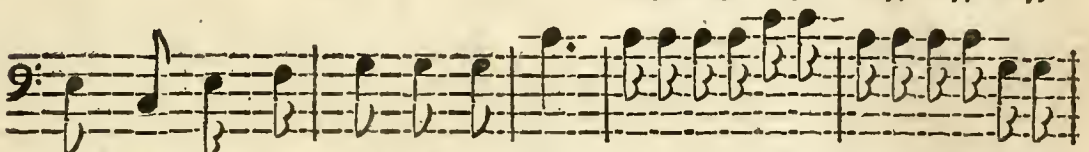


at the Rainbow Feast;

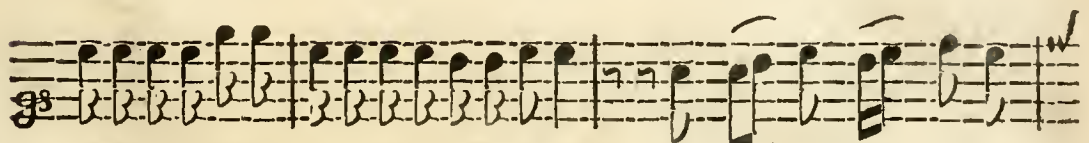
in the bright



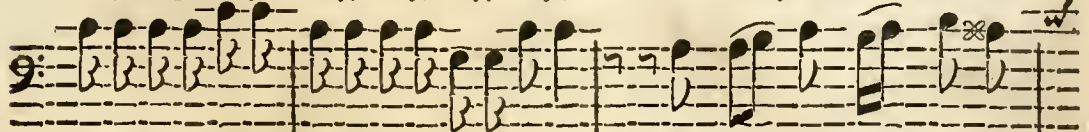
loud ;                      tivvy, tivvy, tivvy,      tivvy, tivvy, tivvy,



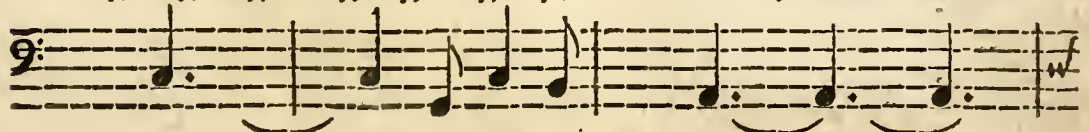
Moon-shine, whilst the Winds wistle loud; tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy

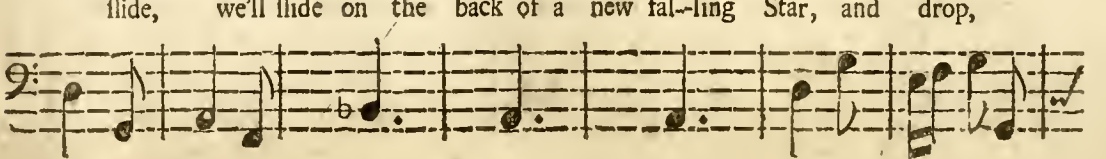
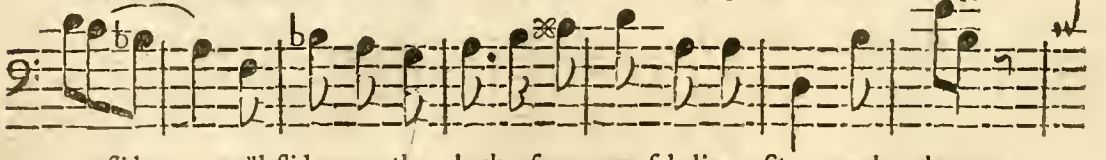
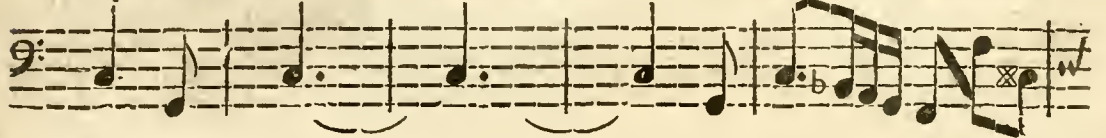
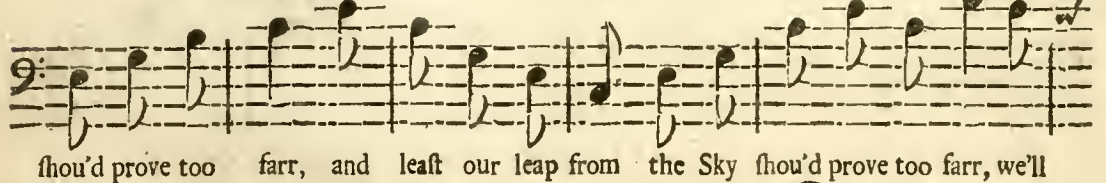
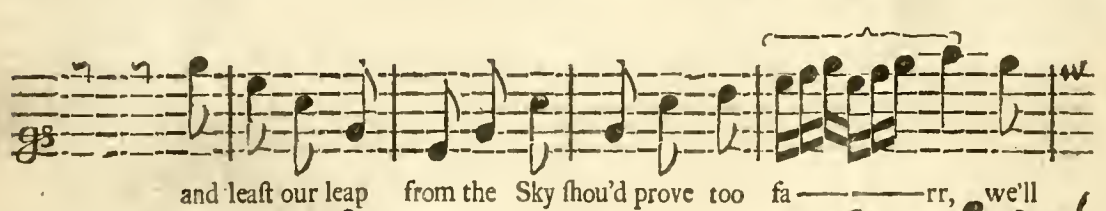
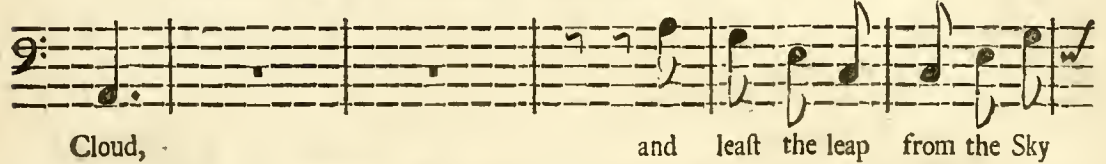
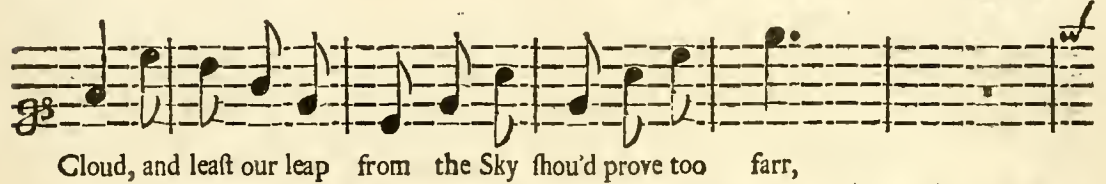
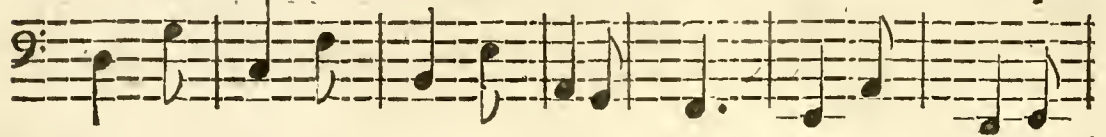


tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy; we mount, we mount and we



tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy; we mount, we mount and we

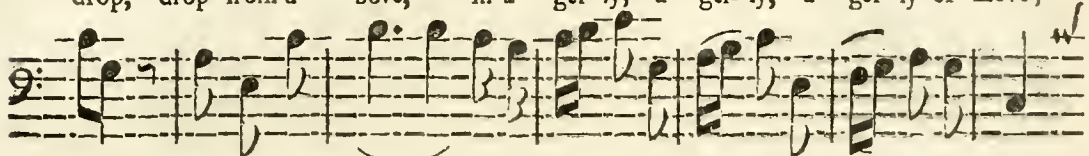




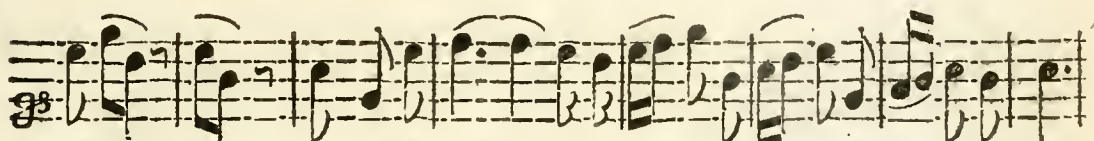
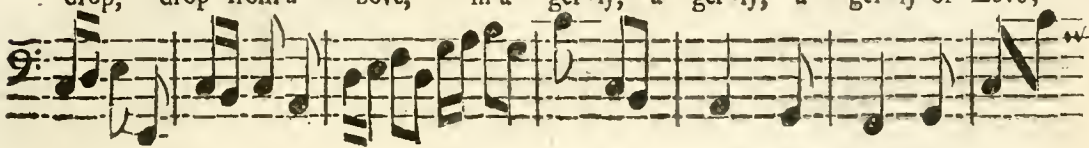




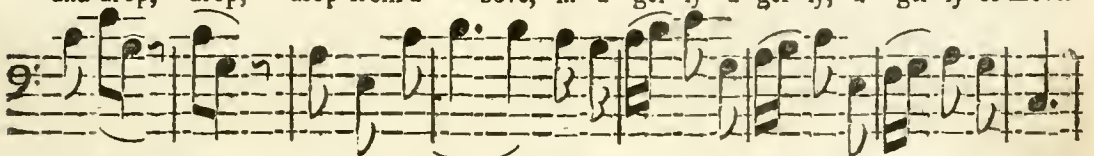
drop, drop from a—bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love;



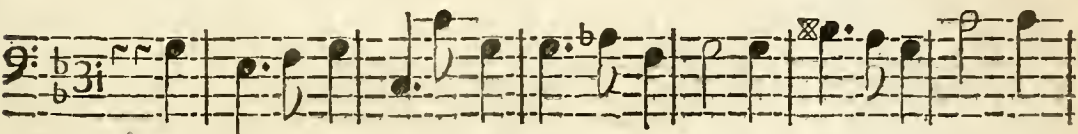
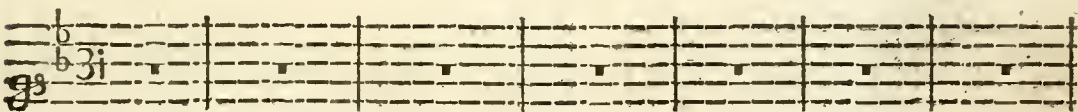
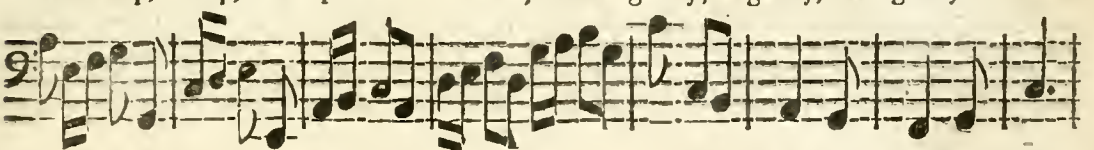
drop, drop from a—bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love;



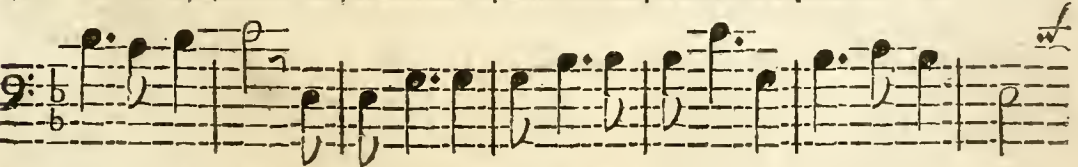
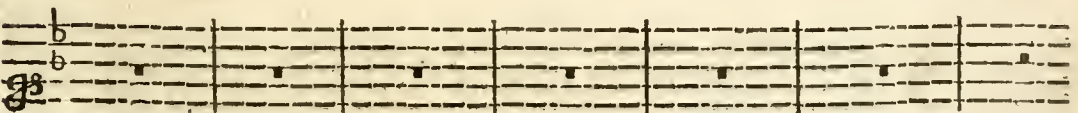
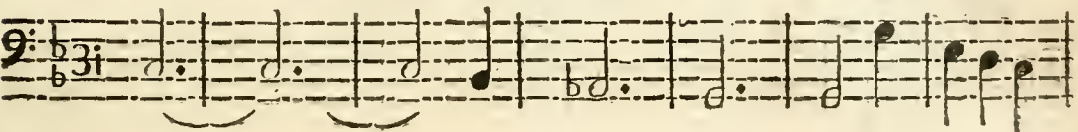
and drop, drop, drop from a—bove, in a gel-ly a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love.



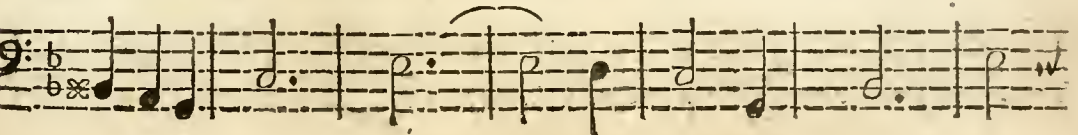
and drop, drop, drop from a—bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love.

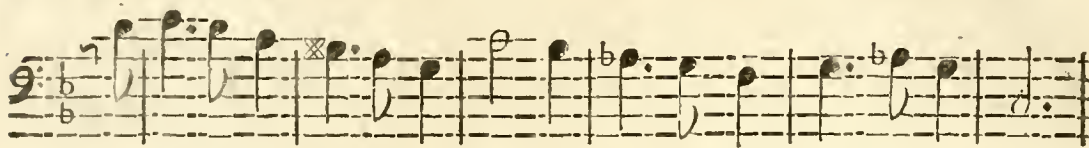


But now the Sun's down, and the Element's Red, the Spirits of Fire a—

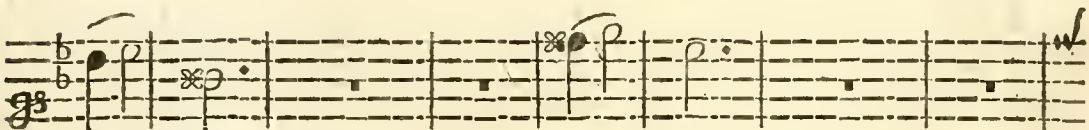


—gainst us make Head; they muster, they muster, they muster like gnats in the Air:

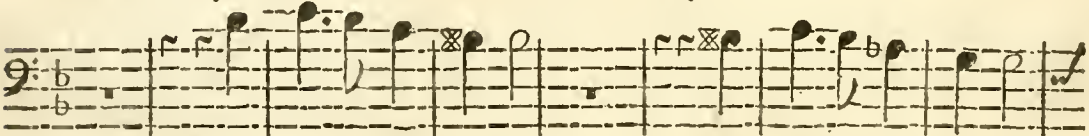




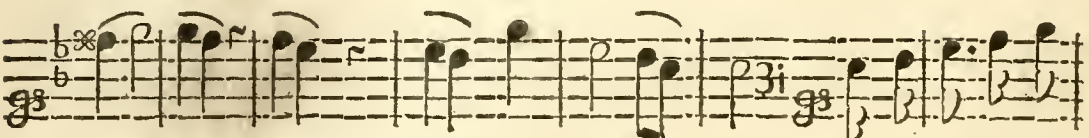
a—las I must leave thee my Fair, and to my light Horfe-men re—pair.



Oh stay! oh stay!



A—las I must leave thee, a—las I must leave thee



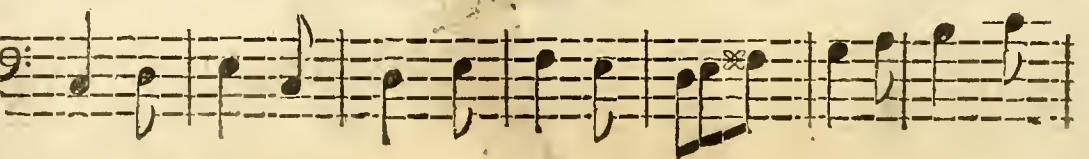
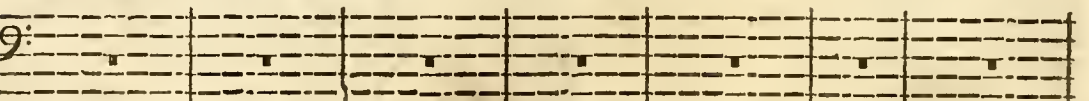
oh stay! stay, stay, oh stay, stay, stay; for you need not to



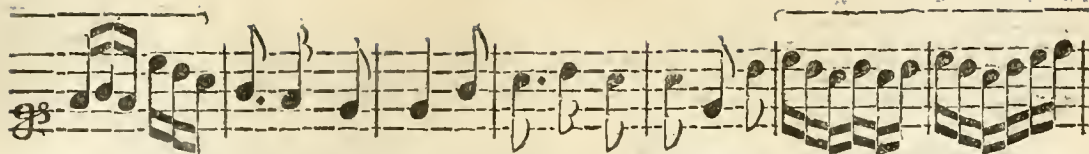
a—las, a—las I must leave thee, must leave thee my Fair.



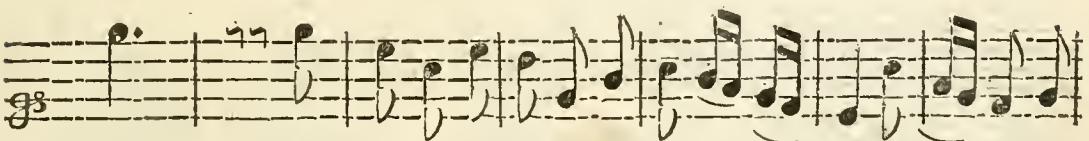
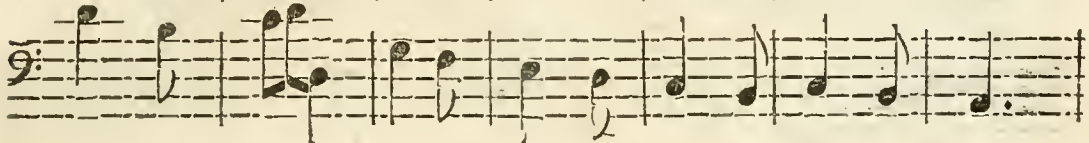
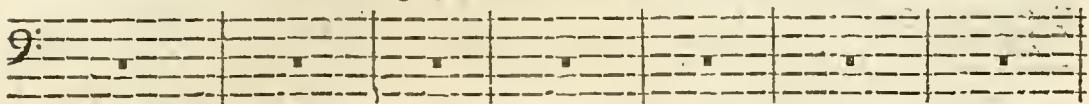
fear 'em, you need not to fear 'em to Night; the Wind is for us and blo—





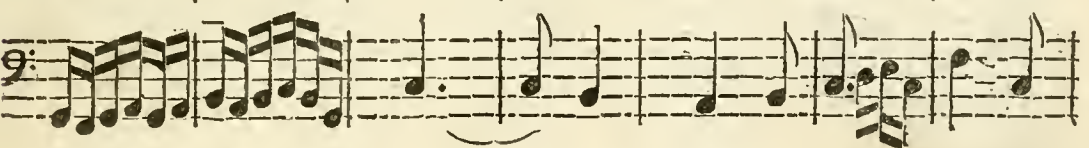
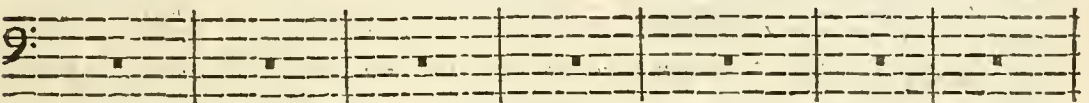


ws full in their fight, and o're the wide Ocean we fi

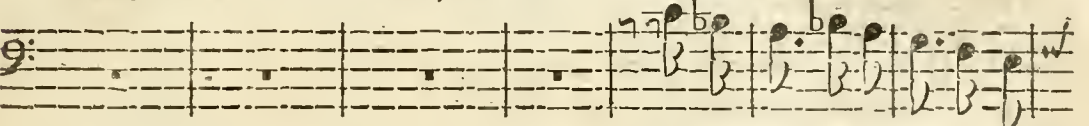


ght;

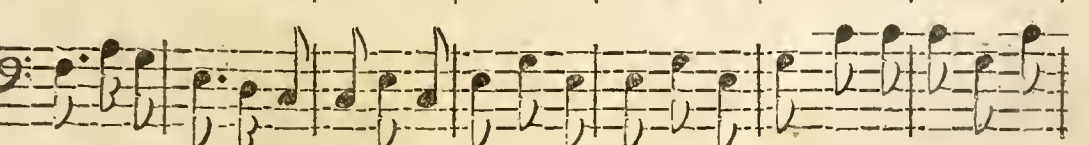
like Leaves in the Autumn our Foes will fall down and his in the



Water, and his in the Water, and down:



But their Men lye se-cure-ly in—

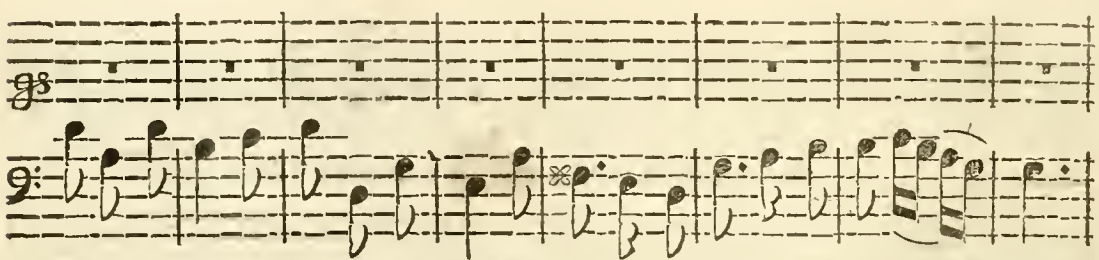


-trench'd in a Cloud, and a Trumpetter, Horner, a Trumpetter, Horner to Battle, to





Bat ——— the sounds loud; no mortals that spy how we



Tilt in the Sky, with wonder will gaze and fear such events as will ne're come to pass,



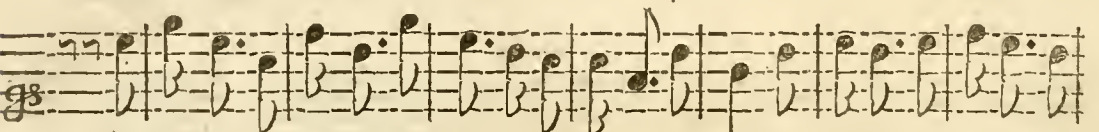
Then call me a-gain when the Battle is won.



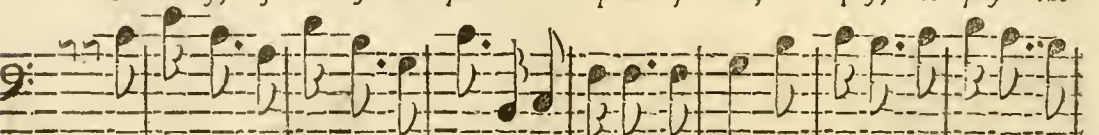
stay you to perform what the Man wou'd have done.



### Chorus.



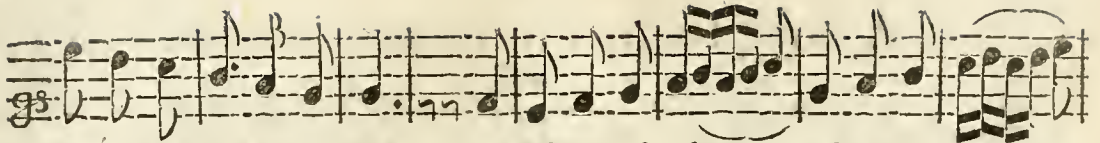
So ready, so ready and quick is a Spi-rit of Air, to pity, to pity the



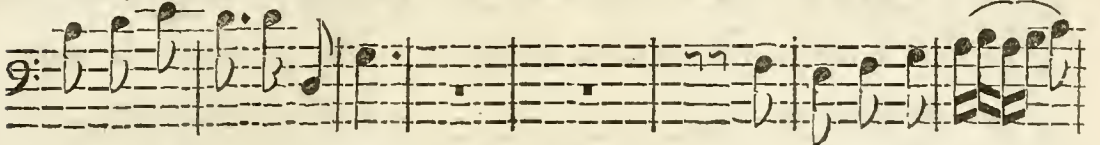
So ready, so ready and quick is a Spi-rit of Air, to pity, to pity the



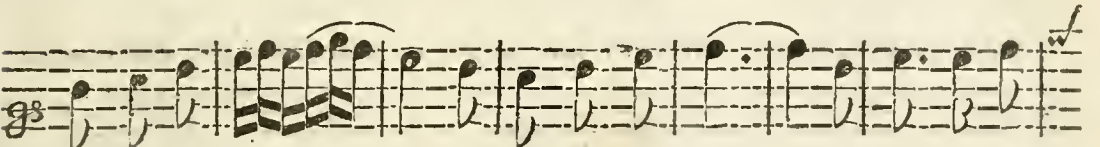




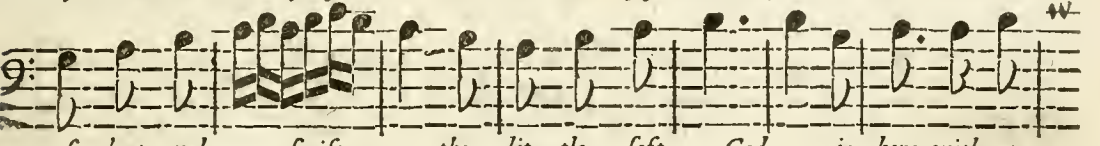
*Lower, and succour the Fair; that si-lent and swift, si-lent and swift,*



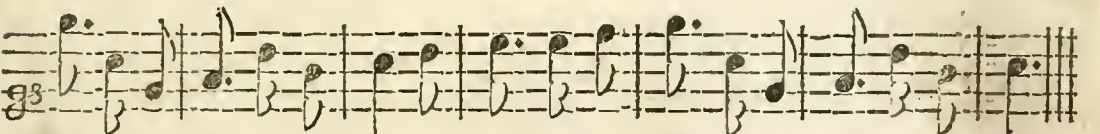
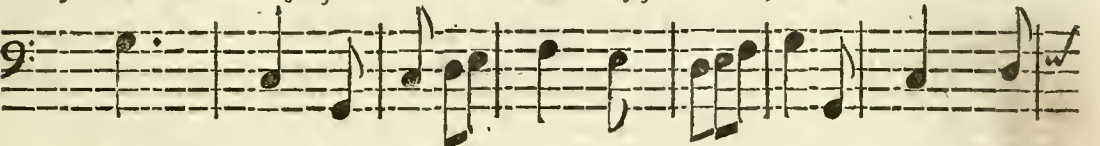
*Lovers, and succour the Fair; that si-lent and swift,*



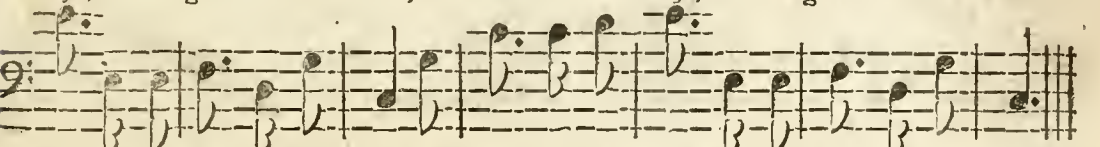
*si-lent and swift the lit-tle soft God, is here with a*



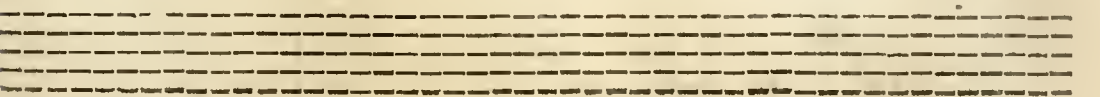
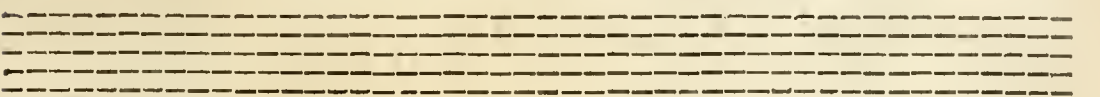
*si-lent and swift the lit-tle soft God, is here with a*



*Wish, and is gone with a Nod, is here with a Wish, and is gone with a Nod.*



*Wish, and is gone with a Nod, is here with a Wish, and is gone with a Nod.*



## A Song set by Mr. Ralph Courtivelle.

W H Y fair Co—rin—na shou'd you grieve, why fair Co—rin—na shou'd

you grieve, why, why ah! why, why fair Co—rin—na why shou'd you grieve; whilst

wise—ly we im—plore the hap—piest hours, the Gods can give or mor—tals

can in—joy; let those whose Beauties are de—cay'd, their

lofs of pow'r, their lofs of pow'r be—moan, be—moan, be—moan, their

lofs of pow'r bemoan; since Men are feldom cap—



tives, captives made, when that great Charm is gone, when

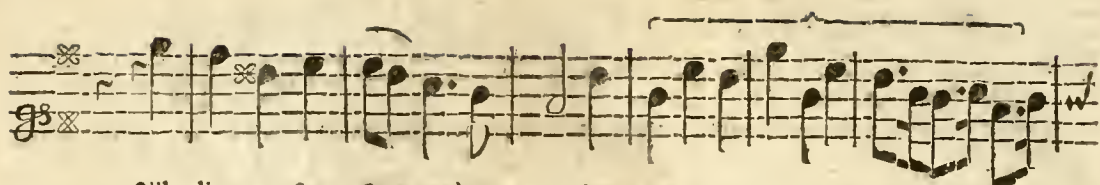
that great, great, great Cha ——— rm, great Charm is gone:

But you who dai—ly may

be—hold, whole mil-lions that a—dore, and by

in—dul—ging ev—ry hour, in—crease, increa

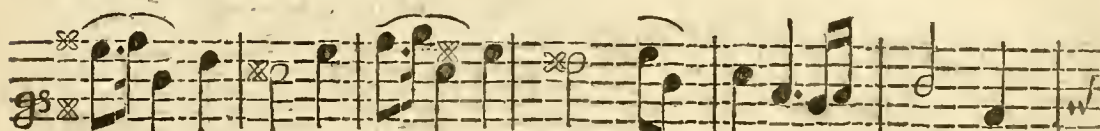
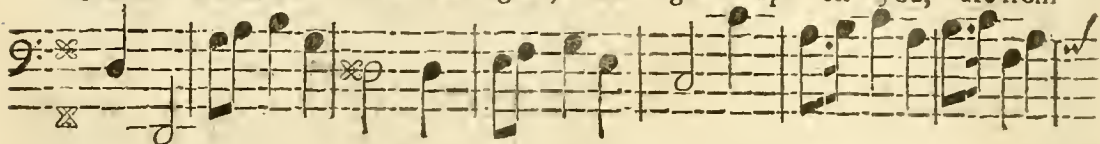
—se the mighty store. Still live as free, still live as free,



still live as free from ev'ry care, that com' ——— mon



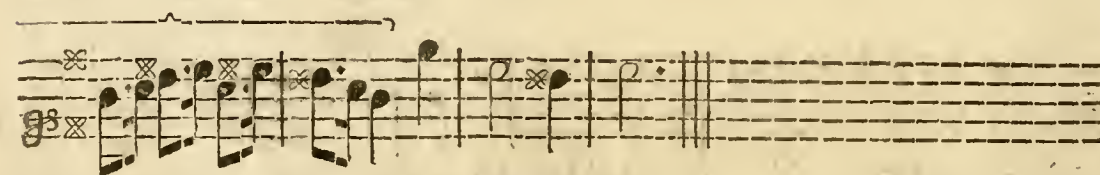
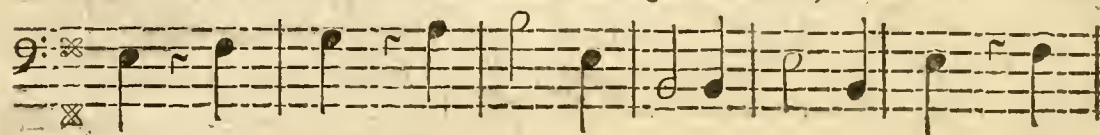
passions move, as those that gaze, that gaze up—on you, are from



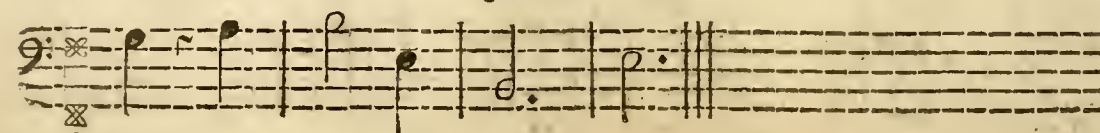
all de—signs, from all de—signs, de—signs but Love; from



all ——— designs but Love, from all ———

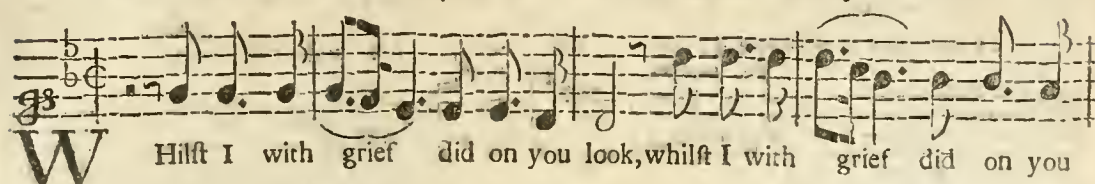


de—signs but Love.

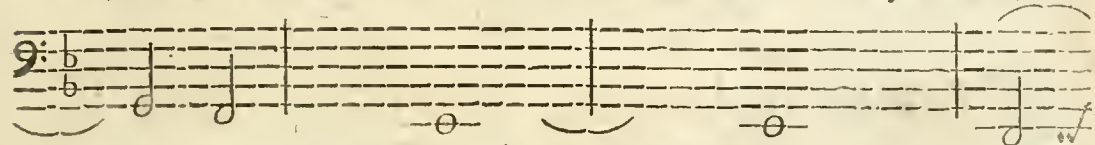




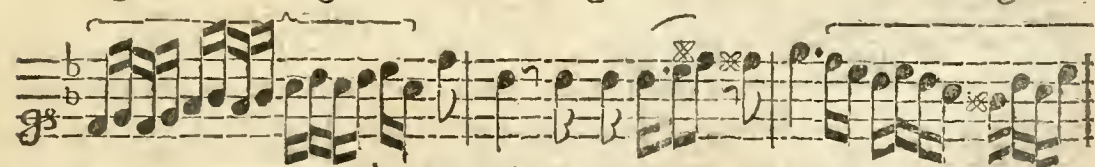
A Song on Mrs. Bracegirdle's Singing (*I Burn &c.*) in  
the 2 Part of *Don-Quixote*. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



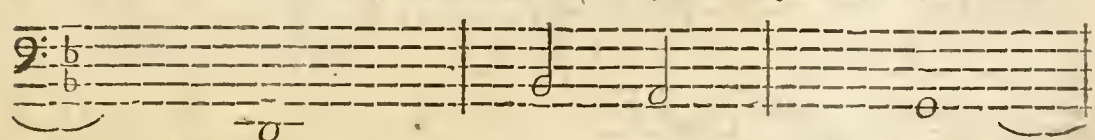
look, when Love had tur ————— n'd your Brain, from



you I, I the con — ta ————— gion took, from you I, I the con —



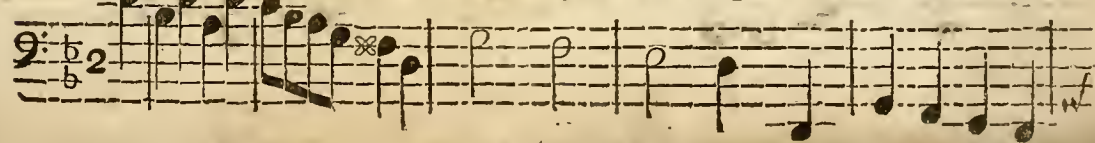
ta ————— gion took, and for you, for you bore —



the pain, for you, for you bore ————— the pain:



Mar — cella, then your Lo — ver prize, and be not, be not,



be not too se—vere; use well, use well the con—

quest of your Eyes, for Pride. Pride,

Pride has cost you dear. *Am—bro—sio* treats your Flames with scorn, and rack—

s your ten—der mind, withdraw your Smiles, withdraw your

Smile — s and Frowns re—turn, and pay him, pay him, pay him

in his kind, and pay him, pay him, pay him in his kind.



## A New Song set by Dr. Blow.

W *Hilft you vouchsafe our thoughts to breath, whilst you vouch-*

*safe our thoughts to breath, Clo—e, whilst you vouchsafe, whilst you vouch-*

*safe our thoughts to breath, Clo—e, whilst you vouchsafe, whilst you vouch-*

*safe our thoughts to breath, Clo—e, whilst you vouchsafe, whilst you vouch-*

*safe our thoughts to breath, Clo—e, whilst you vouchsafe, whilst you vouch-*

*safe our thoughts to breath, Clo—e, whilst you vouchsafe, whilst you vouch-*

*safe our thoughts to breath, Clo—e, whilst you vouchsafe, whilst you vouch-*

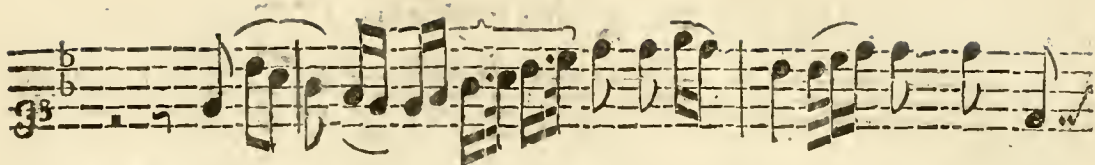
*safe our thoughts to breath, Clo—e, whilst you vouchsafe, whilst you vouch-*

*safe our thoughts to breath, Clo—e, whilst you vouchsafe, whilst you vouch-*

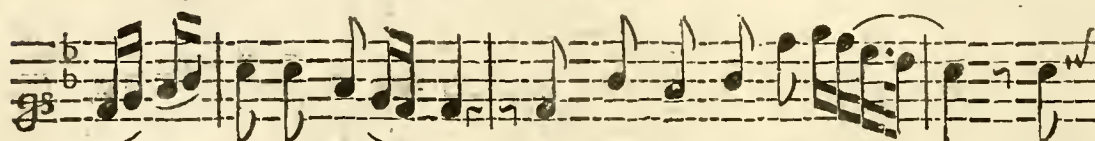
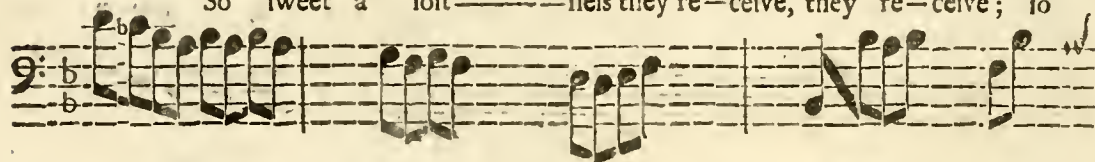
*safe our thoughts to breath, Clo—e, whilst you vouchsafe, whilst you vouch-*

*safe our thoughts to breath, Clo—e, whilst you vouchsafe, whilst you vouch-*

*safe our thoughts to breath, Clo—e, whilst you vouchsafe, whilst you vouch-*



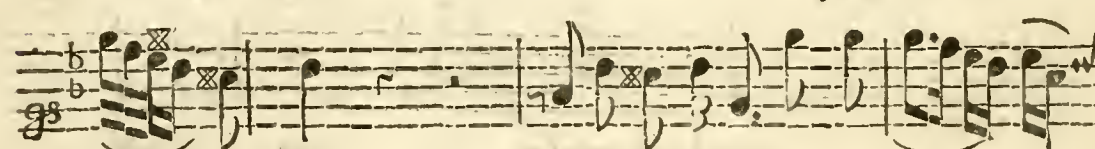
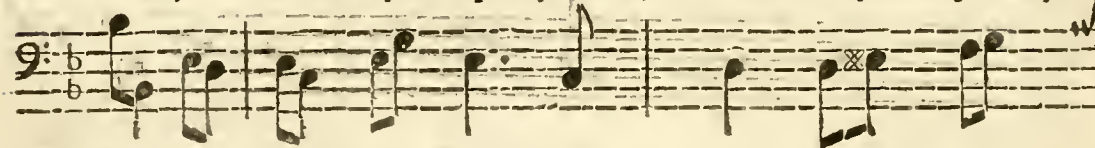
So sweet a softness they receive, they receive; so



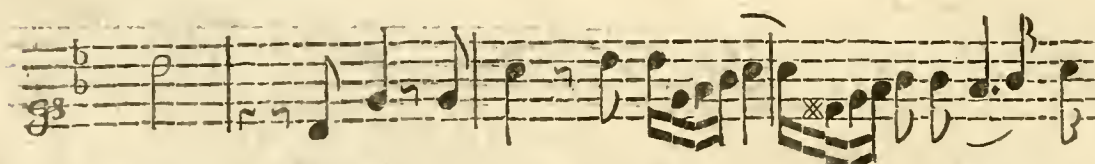
sweet a softness they receive, whilst from your Lips they flow, they



flow, while from your Lips they flow, while from your Lips they



flow so well; Harsh and unpollish't tho' they do ap—



pear, so Sung, so Sung they Ravish ev'n the



nicest Ear; cou'd but poor mortals here be—low, cou'd but poor mortals





here be-low, sometimes Sing and always Love; cou'd but poor mortals here be-

—low, sometimes Sing, and always Love, and always Love; 'Twou'd some

Ear—neft on us bestow, of what the hap—py, hap—py, happy

do a—bove, of what the happy, hap—py, happy, the hap—py, happy

of what the happy do above, of what the hap—py do a—boue;



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Chloe found Amyntas lying,	C	2	The Cares, the Cares of Lovers,	1
	F		To Arms, to Arms Heroick Prince,	19
Foolish Love be gone,		3		
			When Myra Sings, we seek the	12

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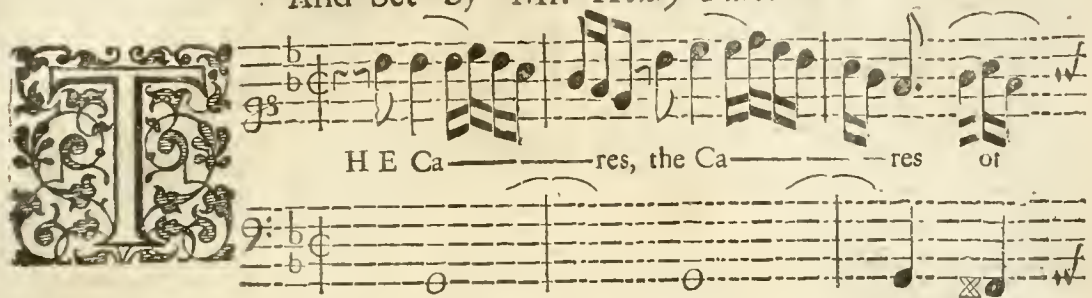
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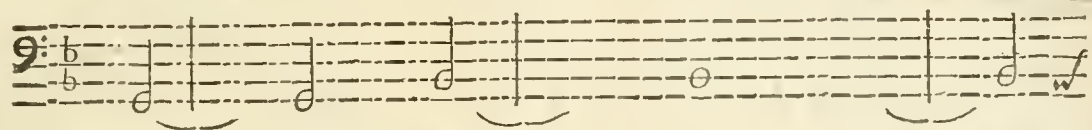
A Song ( in *Timon of Athens* ) Sung by the Boy,  
And Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.



H E Ca—res, the Ca—res ot



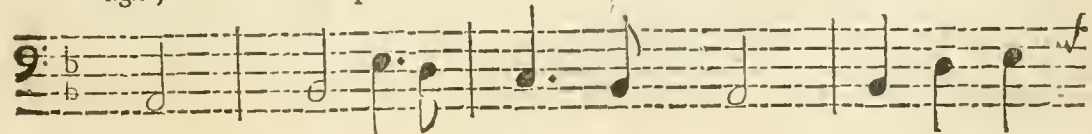
Lovers, their a—la—rmes, their



fights, their Tears have pow'r



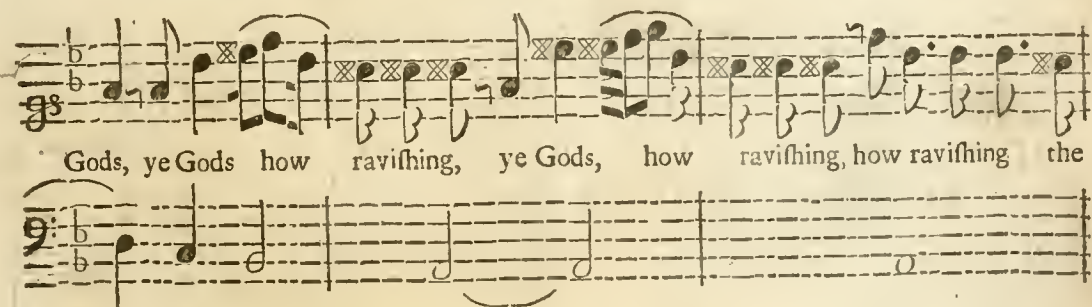
full Charms, and if so sweet their Tor—ment is, ye



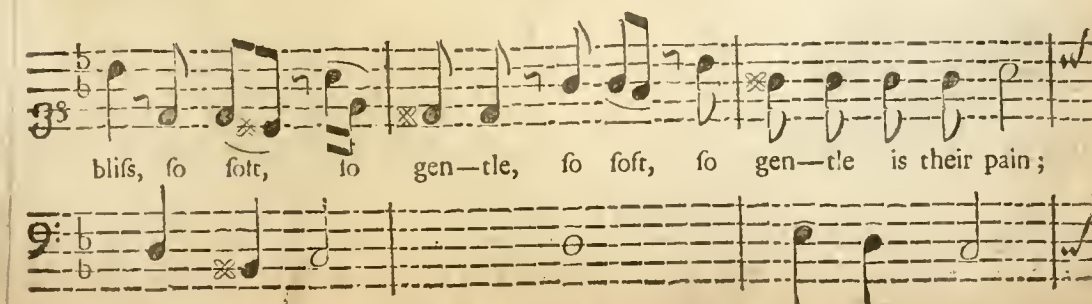
Gods, ye Gods how ravishing, ye Gods, how ravishing, how ravishing the



bliss, so soft, so gen—tle, so soft, so gen—tle is their pain;



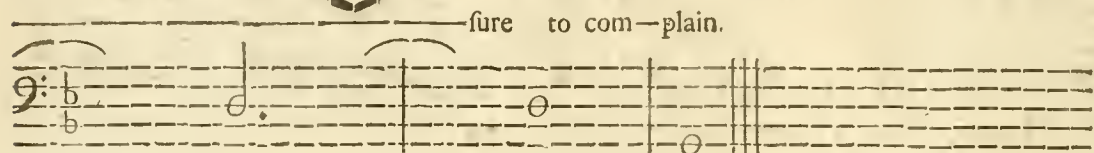
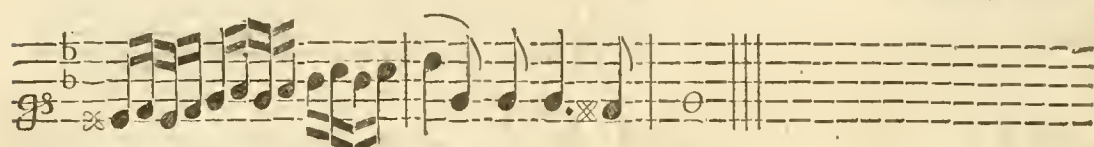
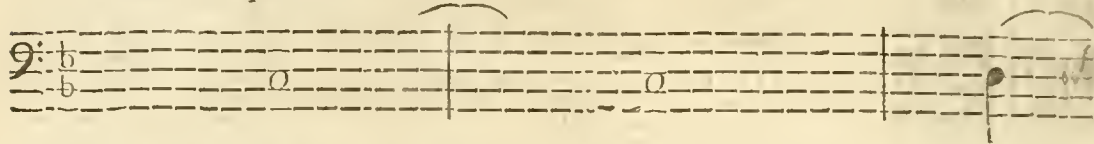
bliss, so soft, so gen—tle, so soft, so gen—tle is their pain;



bliss, so soft, so gen—tle, so soft, so gen—tle is their pain;

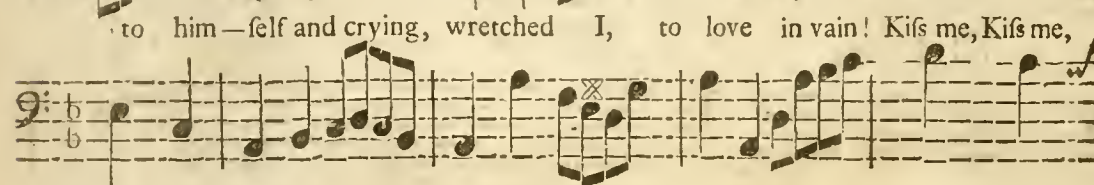
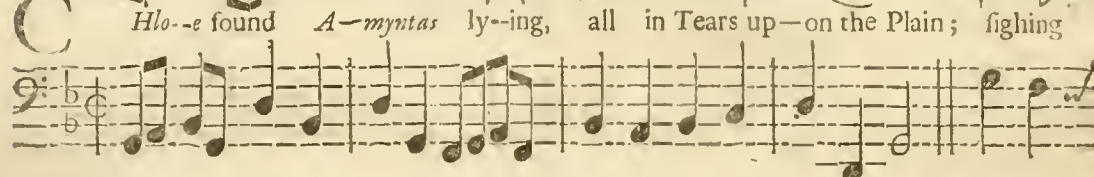


'tis ev'n a plea—

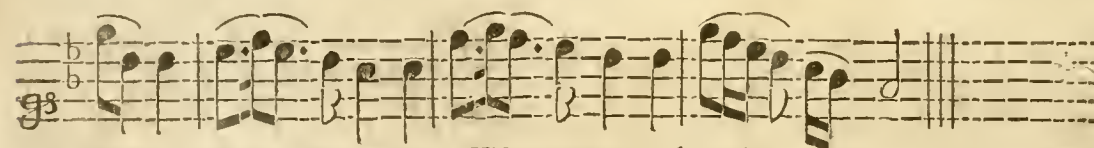


—sure to com—plain.

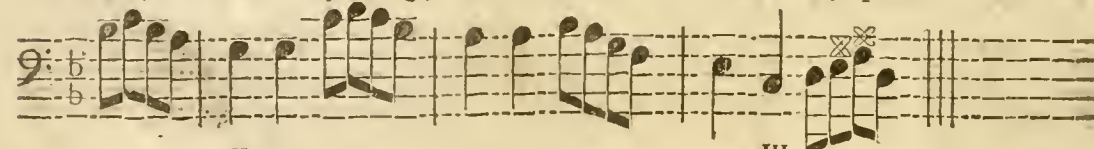
### A Song set by Mr. John Gilbert.



to him—self and crying, wretched I, to love in vain! Kifs me, Kifs me,



Dear, be—fore my dying; Kifs me once and ease my pain. *Roundeau.*



#### II.

Sighing to himself and crying,  
Wretched I, to Love in vain:  
Ever scorning and denying,  
To reward your faithfull Swain;  
Kifs me, Dear, before my dying,  
Kifs me once and ease my pain.

#### III.

Ever scorning and denying,  
To reward your faithfull Swain:  
*Chloe*, laughing at his crying,  
Told him that he lov'd in vain;  
Kifs me, Dear, before my dying,  
Kifs me once and ease my pain.

#### IV.

*Chloe* laughing at his crying,  
Told him that he lov'd in vain;  
But repenting and complying,  
When He Kis'd, She Kis'd again,  
Kis'd Him up before His dying,  
Kis'd Him up and eas'd His pain.



## A Song set by Mr. Courtivel.

Foolish love be gone,  
 foolish love be gone, be go—ne, be  
 gone, begone, be gone said I; vain are thy attempts, vain are thy at—  
 —tempts, thy attempts on me; thy allurements, thy al—  
 —lurements, thy al-lure—men—  
 —ts I de-fye: foolish love be

gone, foo—lith love be gone, be

gone, be gone, be gone, be gone, said I; Women, those

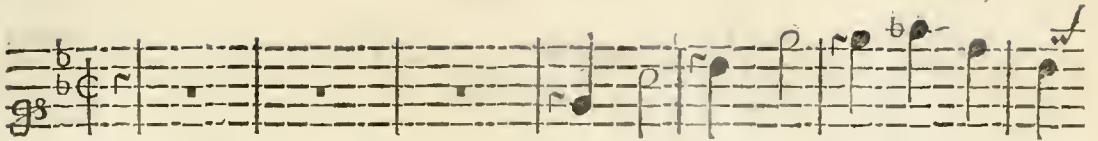
dis—sem—blers, flye;

my Heart is not made for thee, my Heart is not made for thee, not for thee, no,

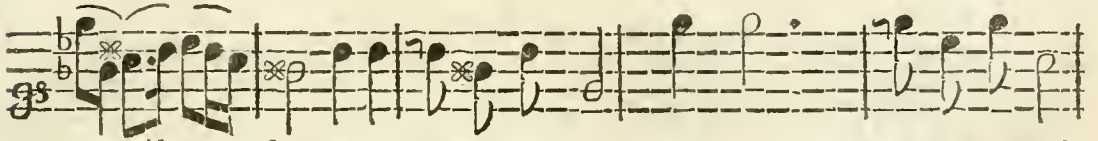
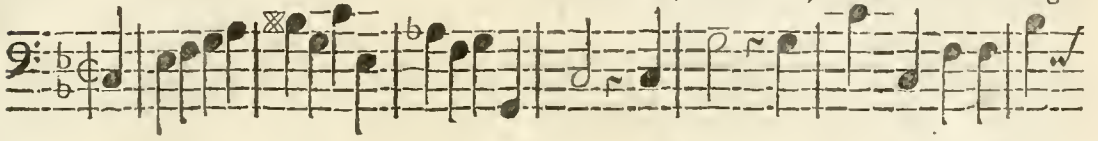
no not for thee, no, no not for thee, not for thee, no, no not for thee:

*Sing from the repeat to the 1st. Close, which is at be gone said I; then go on with Love heard &c.*





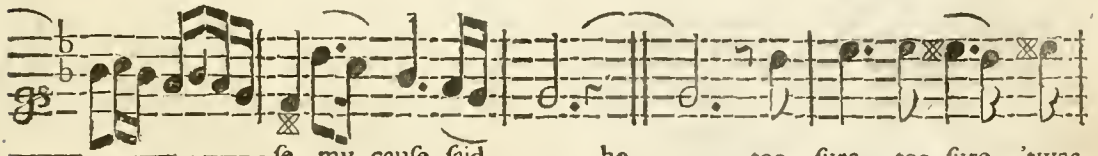
Love heard, Loveheard, Loveheard and straight



pre-par'd a dart, *Myra*, revenge my cause, *My-ra* revenge my cause,



revenge my cause, revenge, re-venge my cause, my cau-



se, my cause, said he, too sure, too sure, 'twas

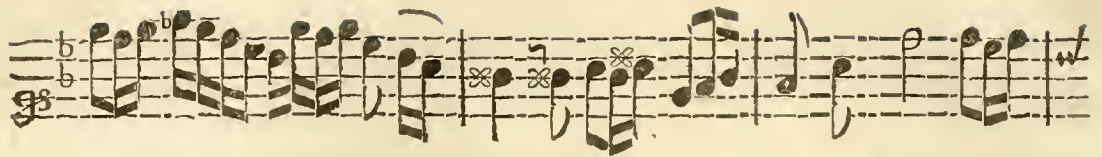


aim'd, too sure, too sure 'twas aim'd, I feel, I fee——I the smart, it



rends my Brain, it rends my Brain, it rend——

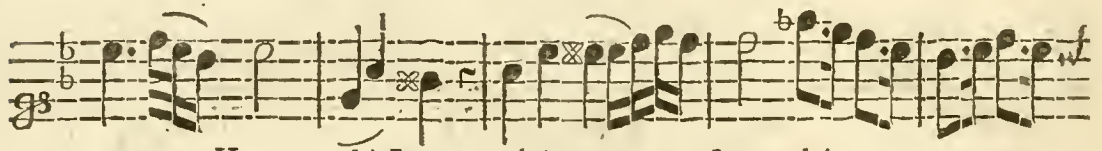




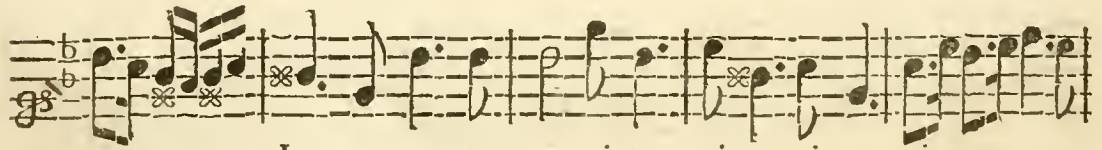
s my Brain, and tea—res my Heart, tea—



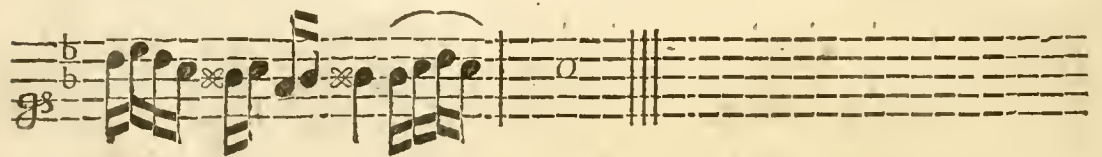
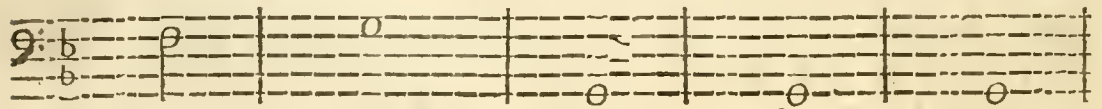
res my Heart, tea—



ars my Heart; oh! Love, oh!—Love, oh!



Love, my con—que—rer, pi—ty, pi—ty, pi—ty, pi—

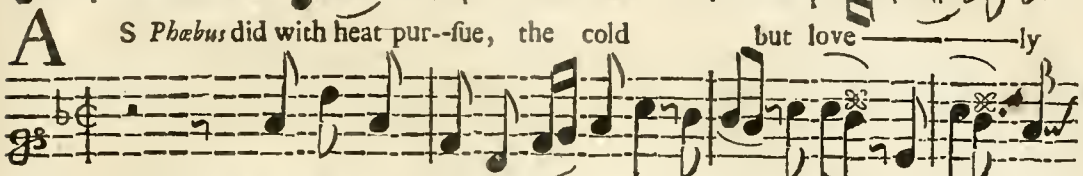


ty me.

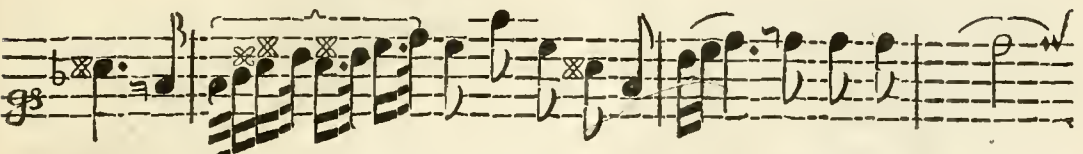




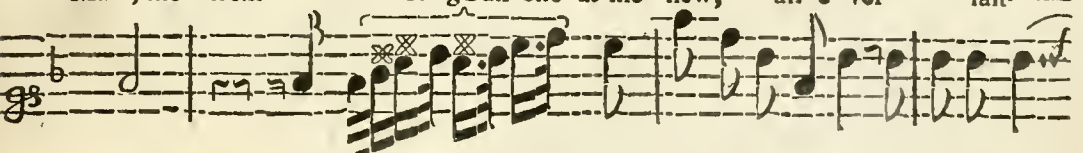
A Song set by Mr. *Henry Hall*, Organist at *Hereford*.



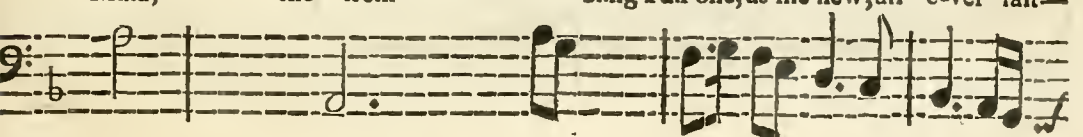
S *Phæbus* did with heat pur-sue, the cold but love \_\_\_\_\_ly



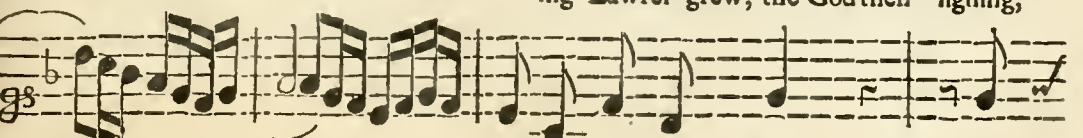
Maid, the trem———bling Fair one as she flew,      an e-ver———last.———



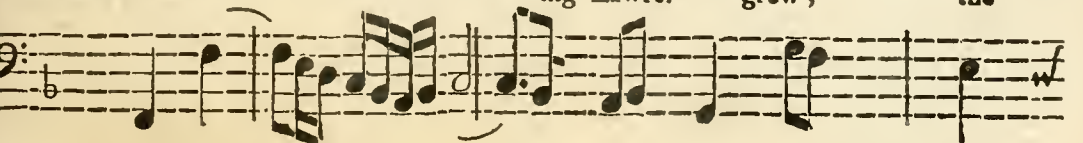
Maid, the trembling Fair one, as she flew, an e-ver last—



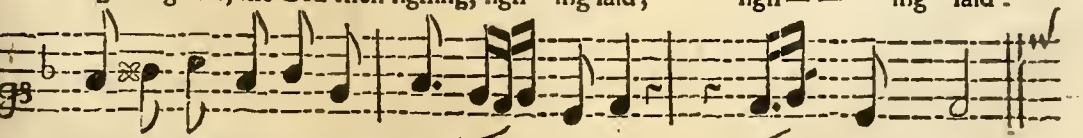
-ing Lawrel grew; the God then fighting,



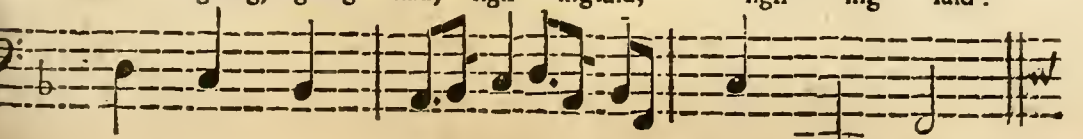
-ing Lawrel grew ; the

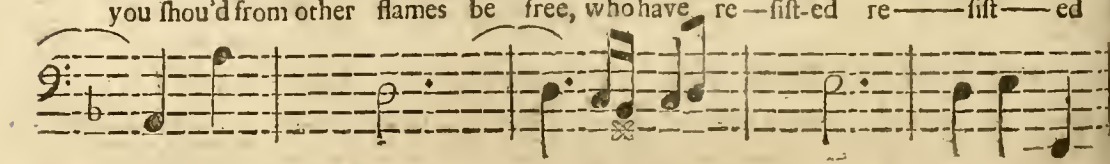
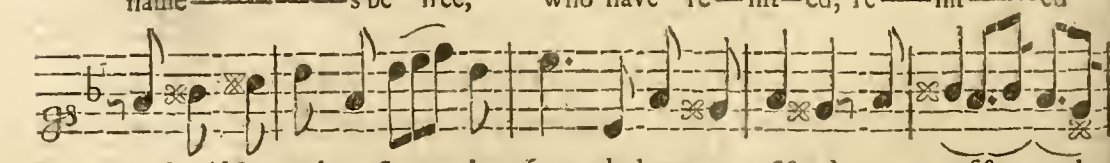
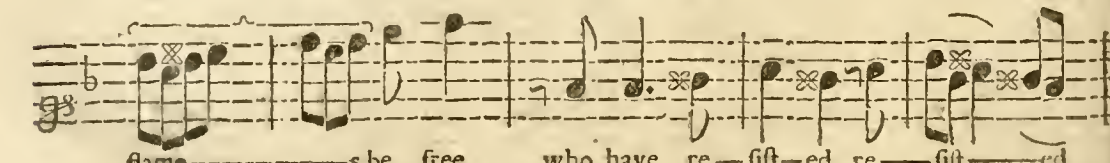
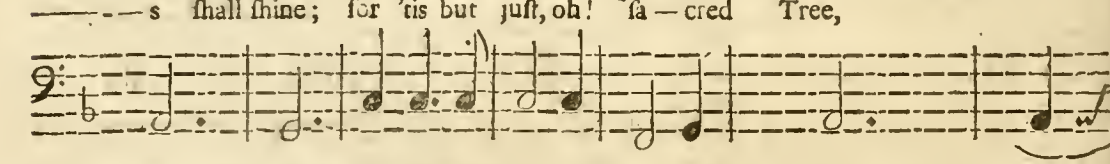
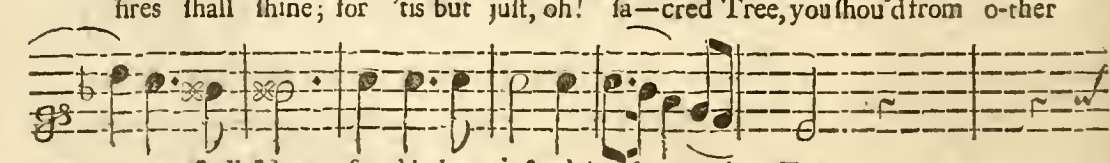
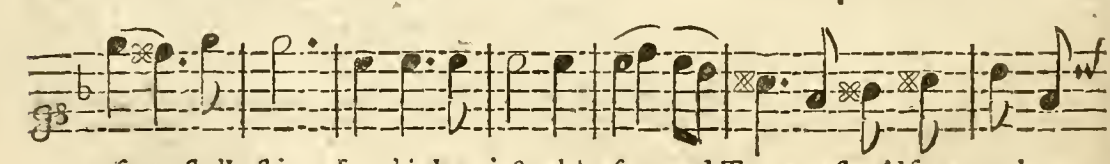
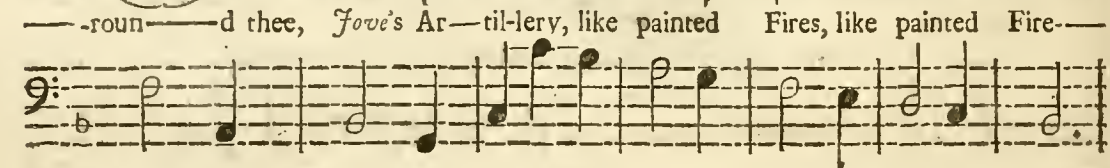
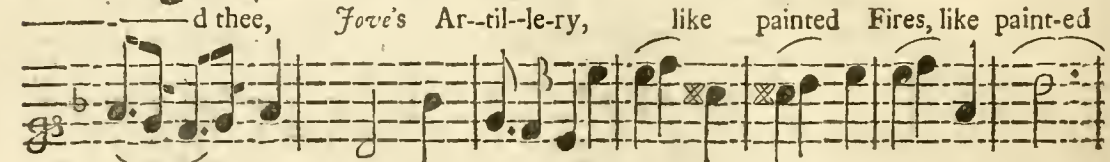
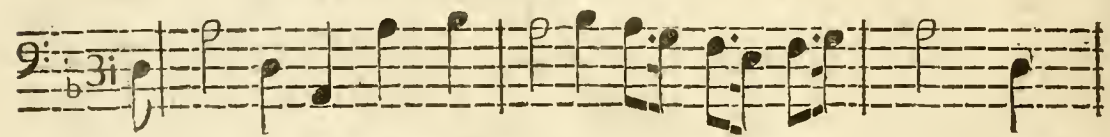
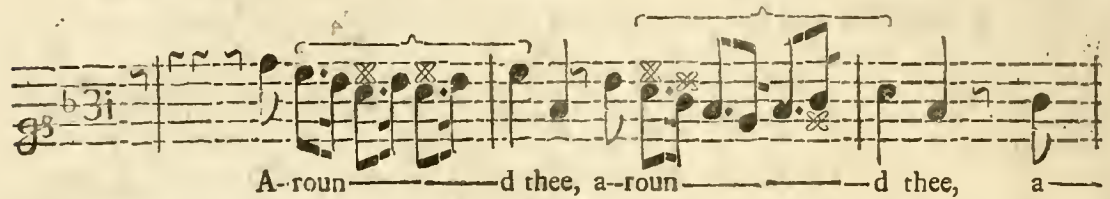
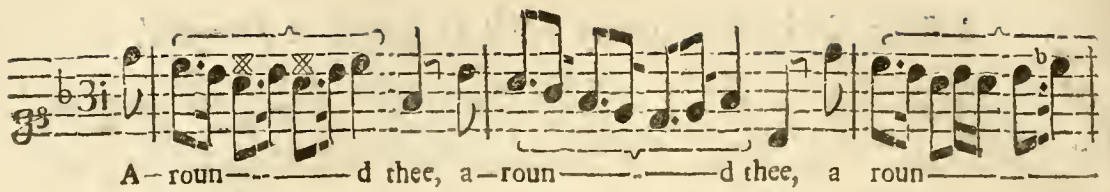


figh--ing said, the God then fighing, figh—ing said, figh— ———ing said :



God then fighting, fighting said, fight—ing said, fight—ing said :







mine, you shou'd from other flame—s be free, who have re—

mine, you shou'd from other flames be free, who have re—

—sift—ed, re—sift—ed mine.

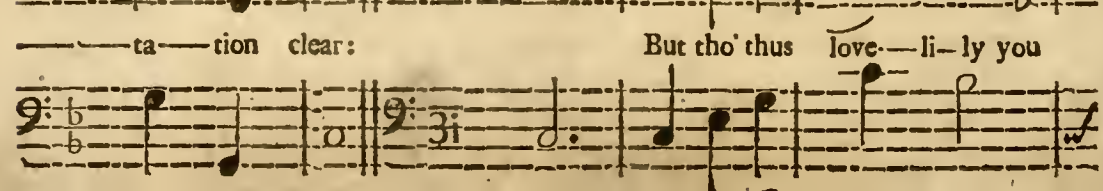
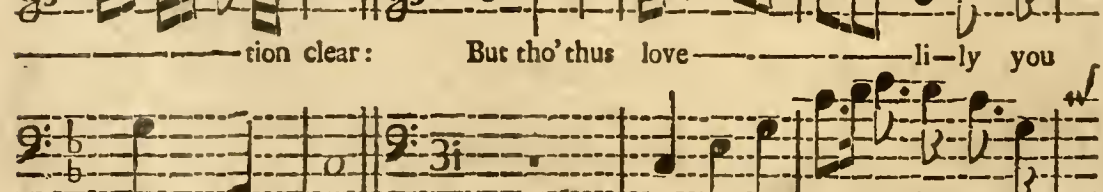
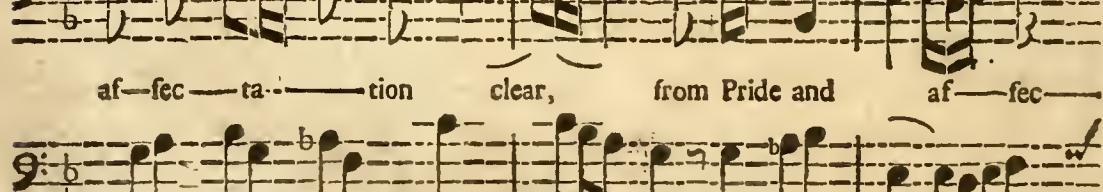
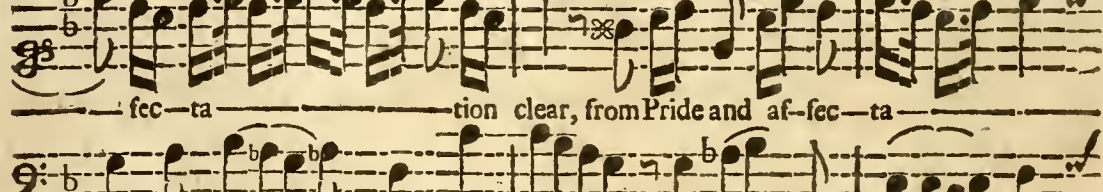
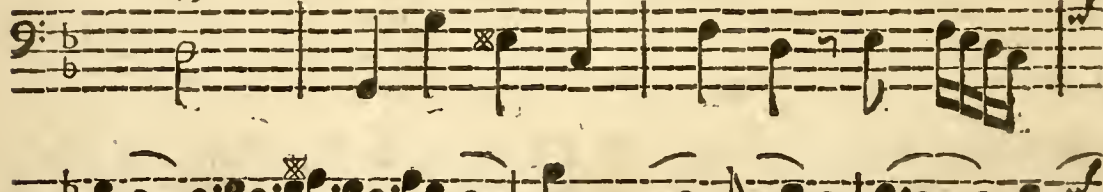
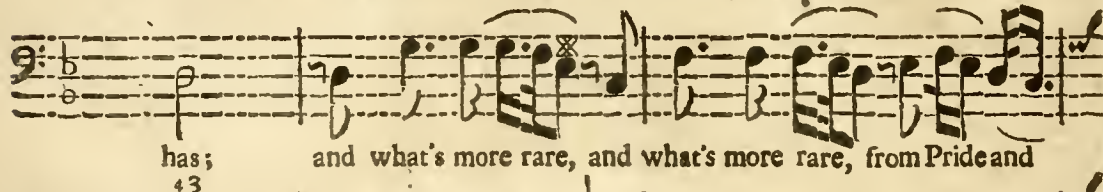
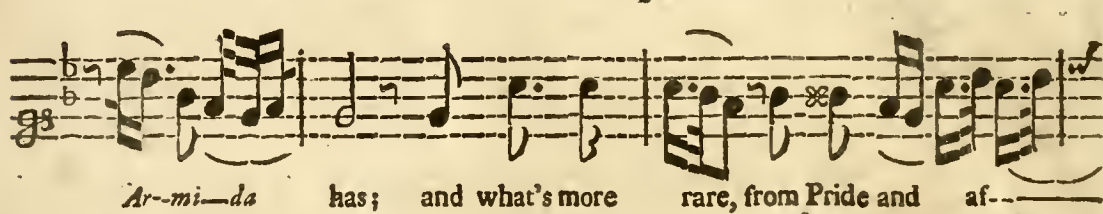
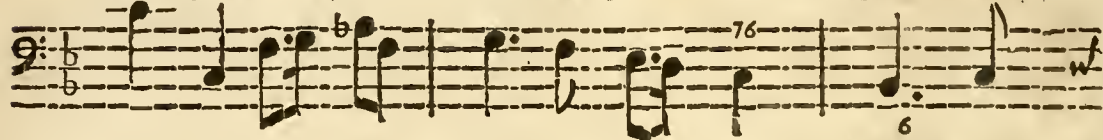
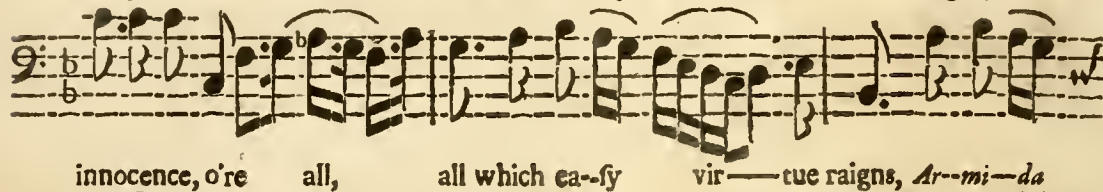
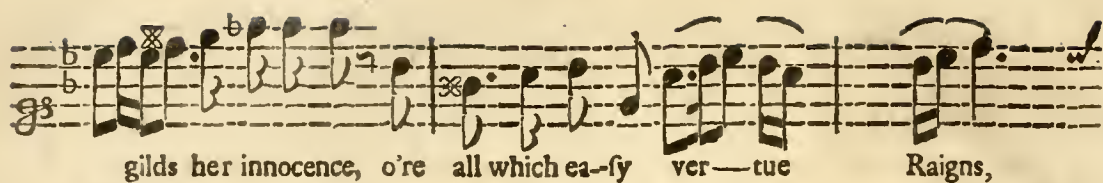
A Song set by Mr. *Henry Hall*, the Words by Mr. *Peter Senhouse*.

**B**EAUTY the pain—full Mothers Pray'r, the Lovers Theam,

Beauty the pain—full Mo—thers Pray'r, the

the Vir—gins care; and Wit that

Lovers Theam, the Lovers Theam, the Virginscare; and Wit that gilds her





A single staff of handwritten musical notation. The staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation includes a half note, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together. There are several accidentals (sharps and naturals) and a final whole note. The handwriting is in a historical style, with some ink bleed-through visible from the reverse side.

shine, *Ar-mi-da* you're but half di-vine : *Ar-mi-da*  
 shine, *Ar-mi-da*, *Ar-mi-da* you're but half di-vine : *Ar-mi-da*, *Ar-*

Handwritten musical notation for the first system of 'The Bird Song'. The notation is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music consists of several measures, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests, with some notes beamed together. The handwriting is in ink on aged paper.

you—'re but half di—vine; for Feinds can Beau—ty i—mi—tate, and yet,

—mi--da you're but half di—vine; for Feinds can Beau —ty, i-mitate, and

and yet are Feinds, because, because they hate; but wou'd you Love to

yet, and yet are Feinds be—cause they hate; but wou'd you Love to

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. The notation includes a variety of note values, including minims, crotchets, and quavers, as well as rests. The music is written in a fluid, cursive style characteristic of 18th-century manuscripts. The staff is a single line with a clef that is partially obscured by the notation. The notes are connected by beams, and there are several bar lines throughout the piece.

Beauty joyn, Ar—mida, you are all — di—vine,

[illegible]

Soft.

Ar—mi—da, Ar—mi—da you are all

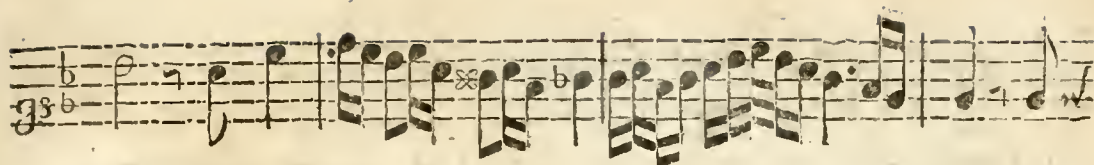
Ar—mi—da you're di—vine, Ar—mi—da, Ar—mi—da,

di—vine.

you were all, all, all di—vine.

A Two Part-Song, set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.

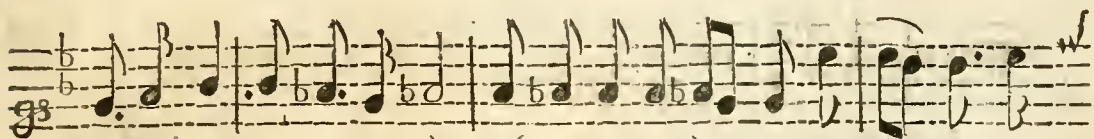




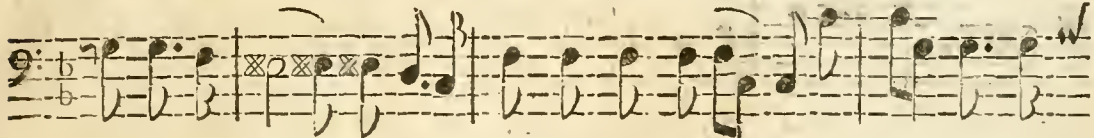
found, th'in—chant—ing found, and



th'in—chant—sound,



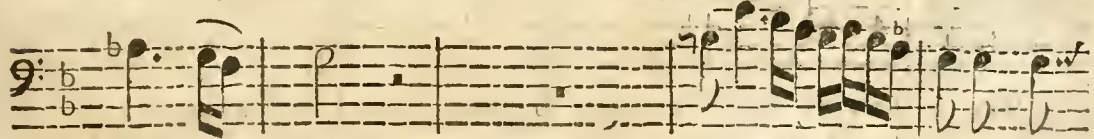
blefs the Notes, and blefs the Notes, which doe so sweet—ly, so sweet—ly, so



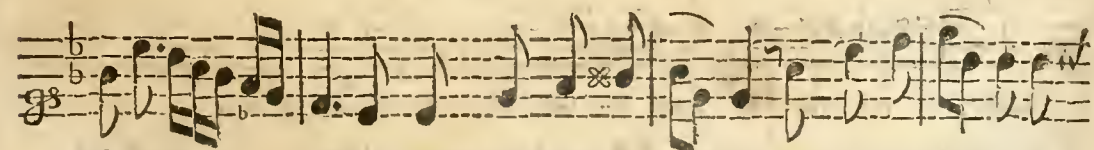
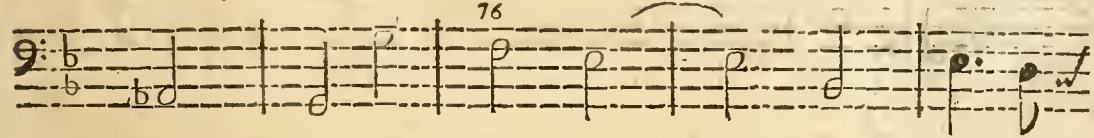
and blefs the Notes, and blefs the Notes which doe so sweetly, so sweet—ly, so



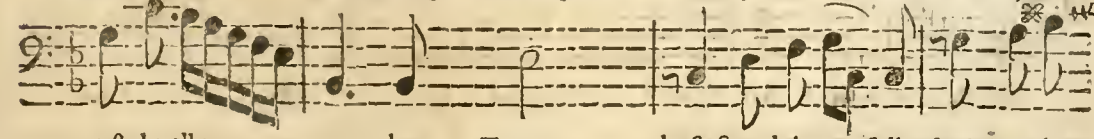
sweet—ly wound; what Mu—sick, what Mu—sick needs



sweet—ly wound; what Mu—sick needs

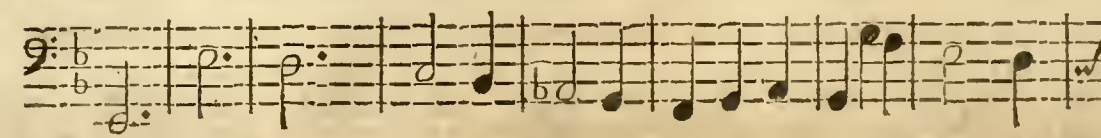
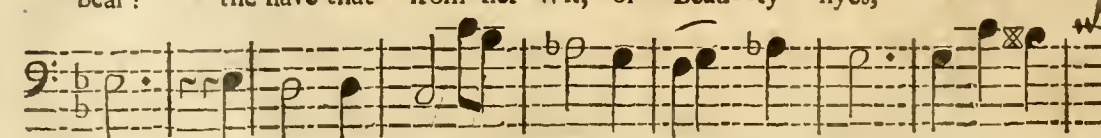
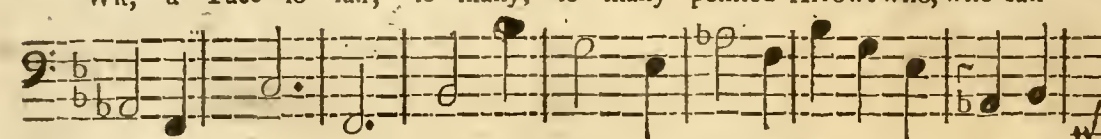
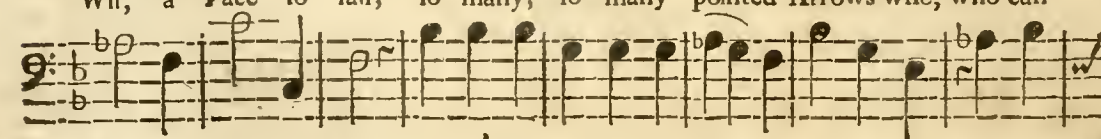
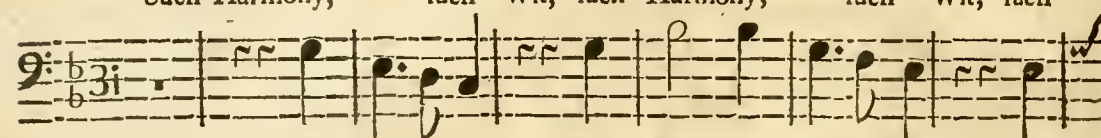
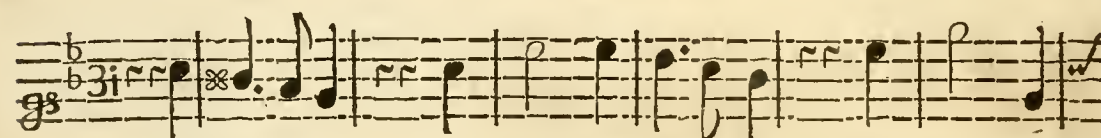
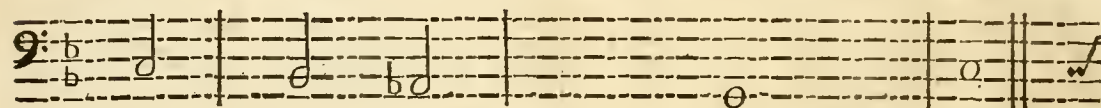
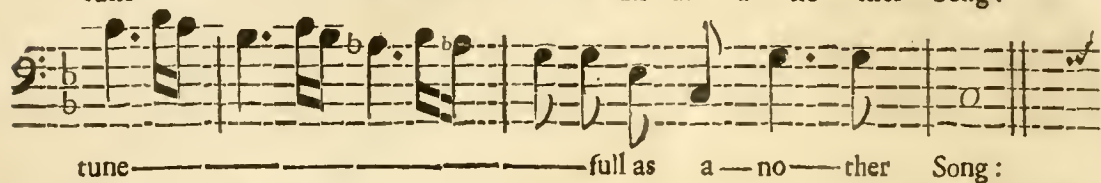


must dwell up—on that Tongue, whose speech is tunefull, whose speech is tunefull, is

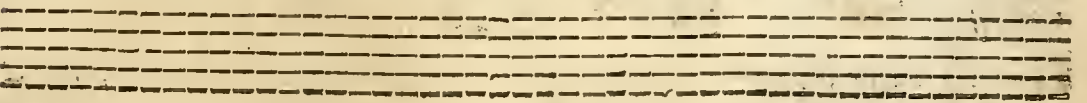
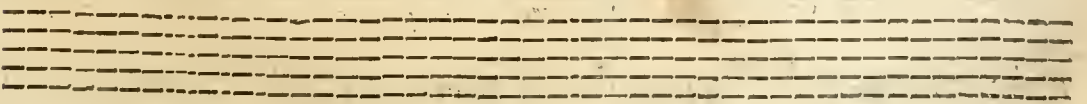
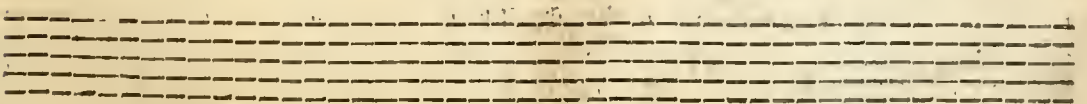
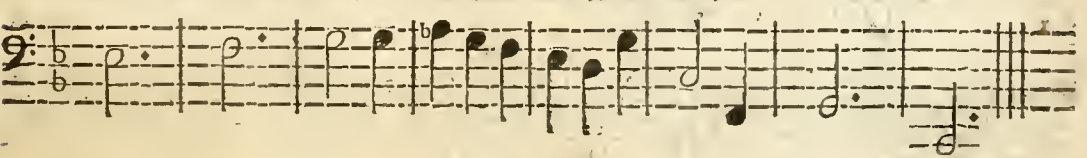
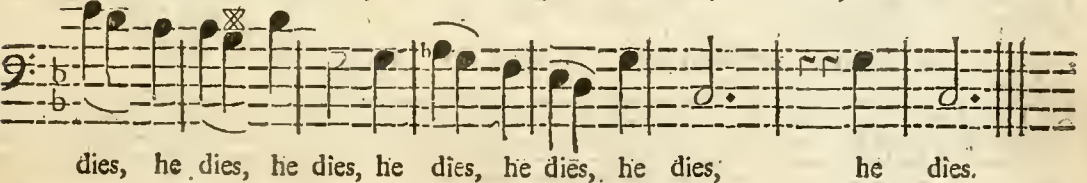
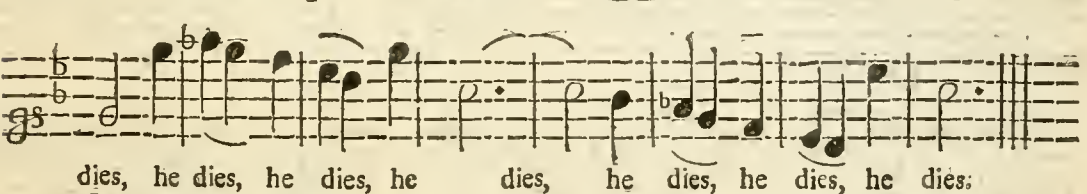
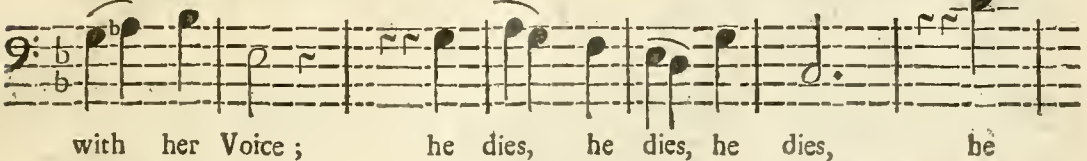
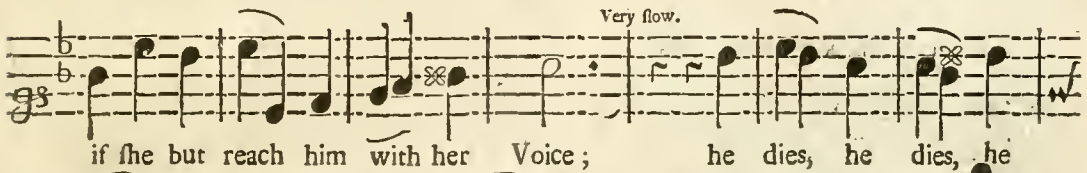
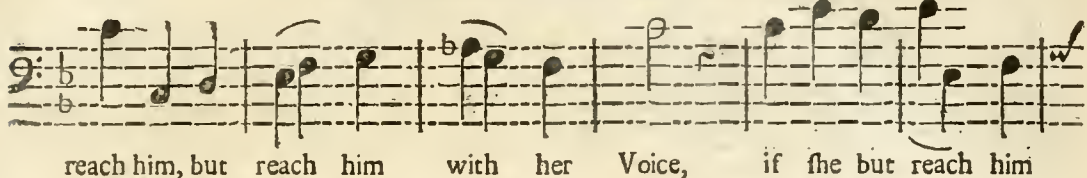
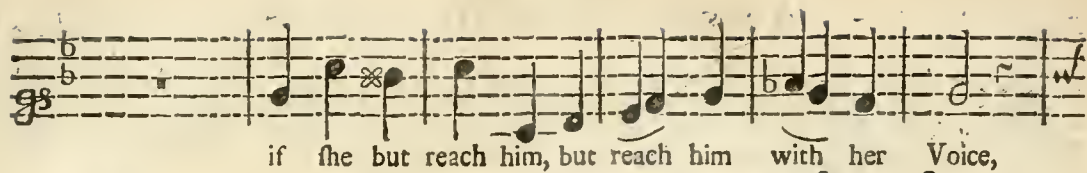


must dwell up—on that Tongue, whose speech is tunefull, whose speech is









## A Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

I F Musick, if Musick be the foo ————— d of Love, fignon, fign  
 on, fign on, fign on, fign, fi ————— ng  
 on, till I am fill'd with jo —————  
 ——— y, till I am fill'd with joy; for then my listning Soul you mo —————  
 ————— ve, for then my listning Soul you mo —————  
 ————— ve, you move, to plea ————— sures that can never, never

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass, in G minor (three flats) and 3/4 time. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words split across lines. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments. The lyrics are: "I F Musick, if Musick be the foo ————— d of Love, fignon, fign on, fign on, fign on, fign, fi ————— ng on, till I am fill'd with jo ————— ——— y, till I am fill'd with joy; for then my listning Soul you mo ————— ————— ve, for then my listning Soul you mo ————— ————— ve, you move, to plea ————— sures that can never, never".



cloy ; your Eyes, your Meen, your Tongue de—clare, that you are

Mu—sick ev'ry where, your

Eyes, your Meen, your Tongue de—clare, that you are Mu—

sick ev'ry where.

Pleasures in—vade both Eye and Ear, pleasures in—vade both Eye and Ear, so

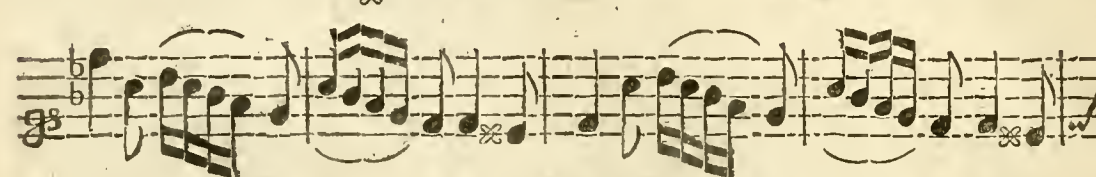
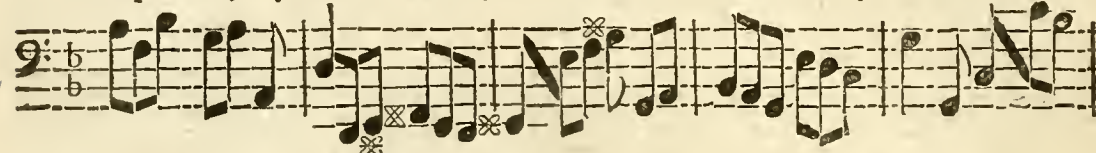
fier—ce, so fier



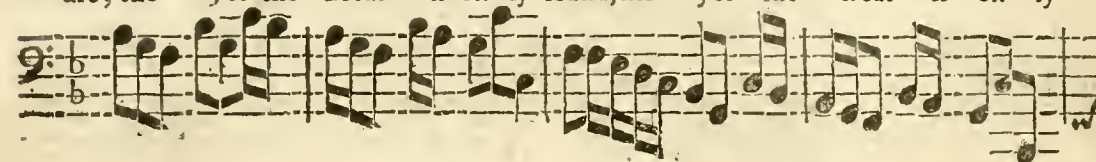
—ce the transports are, they wou—nd, so fier—ce the



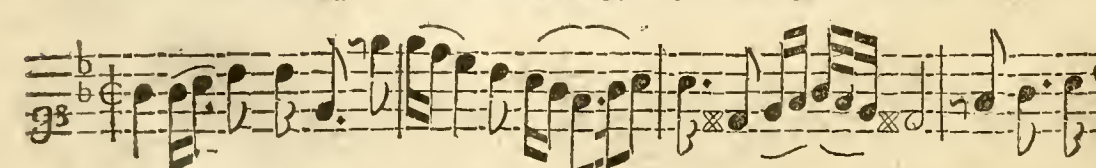
transports are, they wound, and all my Senses feasted are, and all my Senses feasted



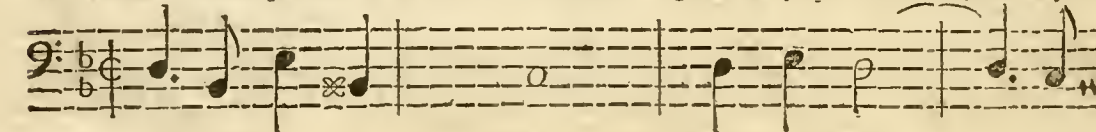
are; tho' yet the Treat is on-ly found; tho' yet the treat is on-ly



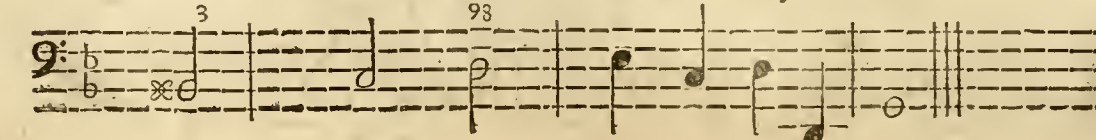
found, found, found, found, found, found is on-ly found;



sure I must perish, I must, I must perish by your Charms, unless you

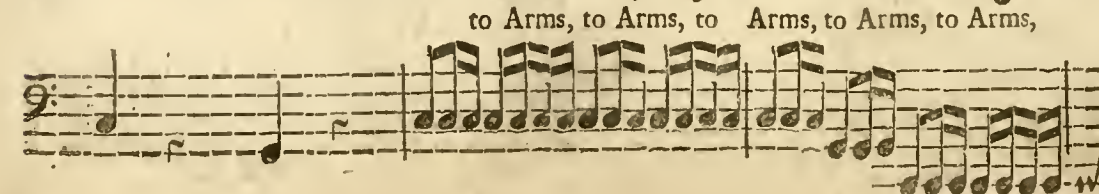
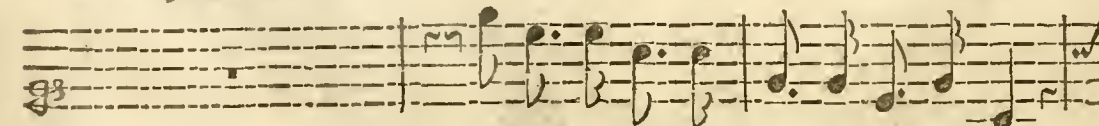
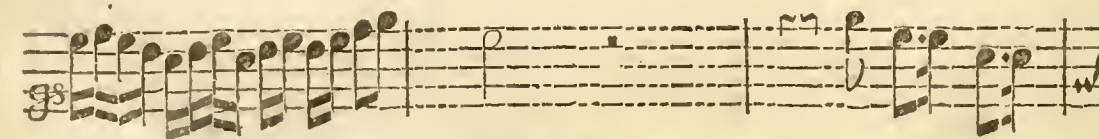
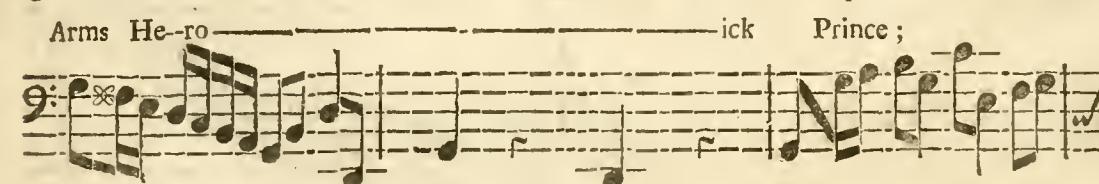
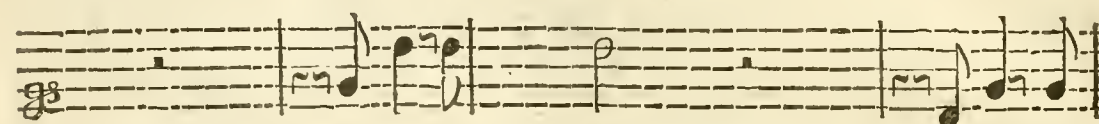
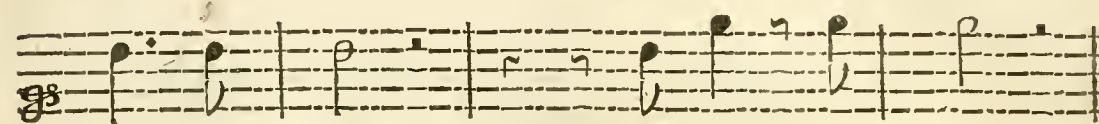
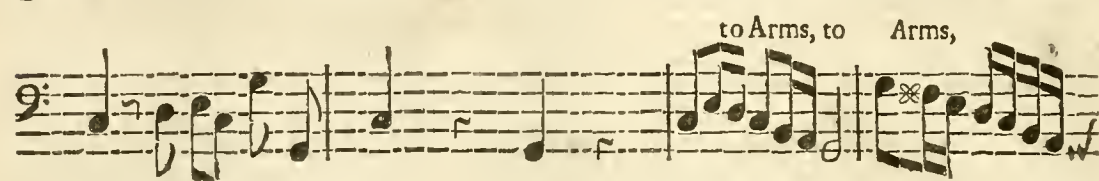
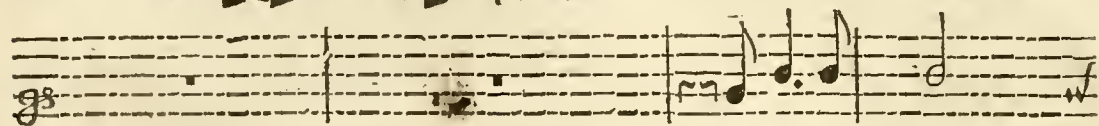


fa—ve me in your Armes.











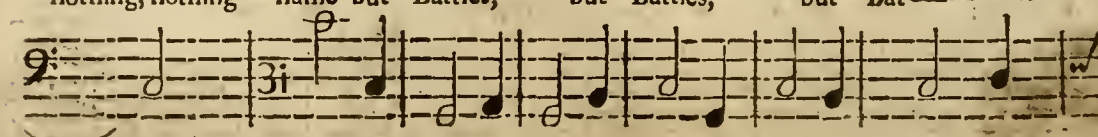
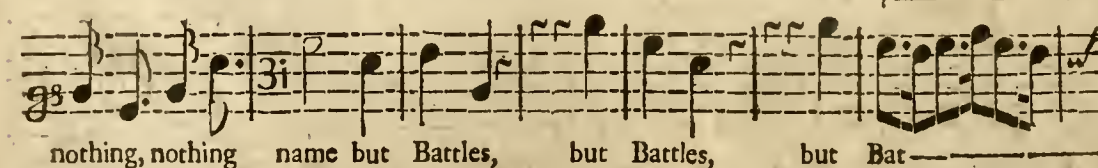
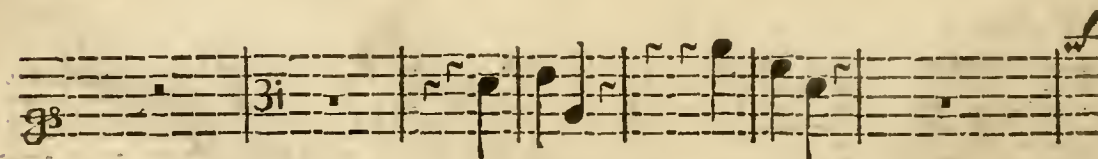
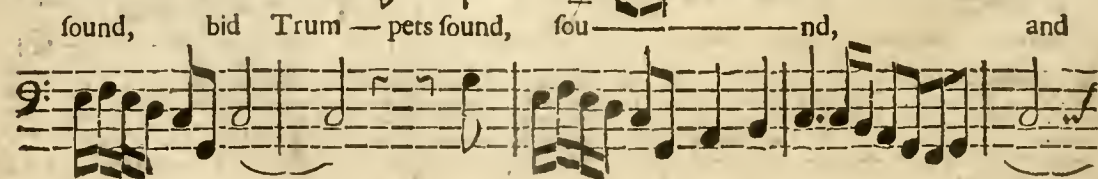
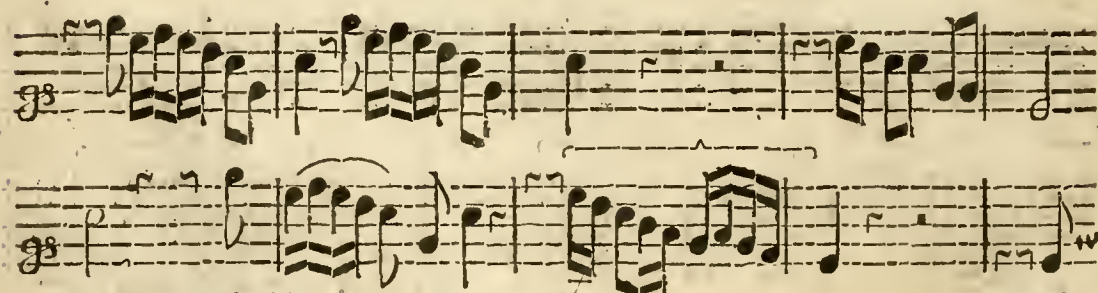
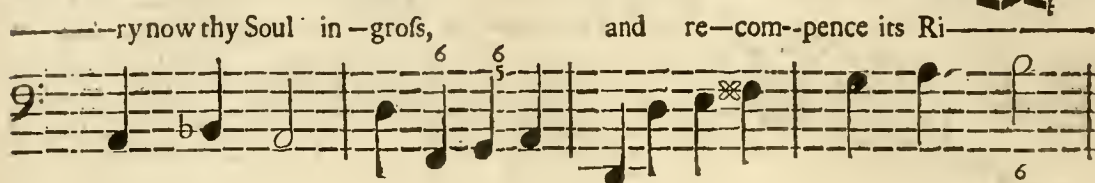
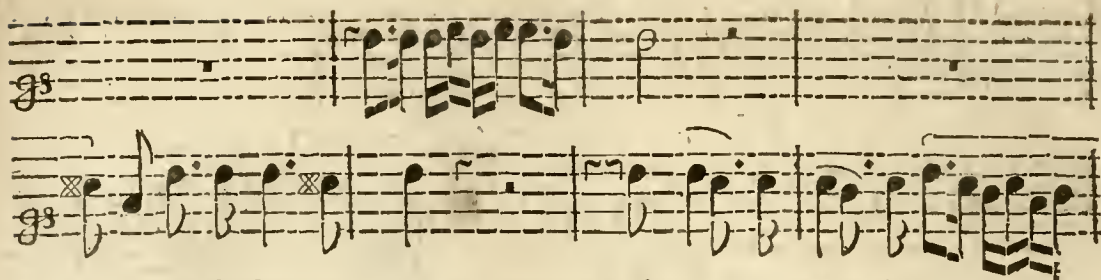
Glo-ry, like Love, has

pow'r full Charms, Glo-

ry, like Love, has pow'r full

Charms; let Glo-ry, let Glo-

6 76 6 76 65





# DELICIAE MUSICÆ:

BEING, A

Collection of the newest and best SONGS

Sung at Court and at the Publick Theatres, most  
of them within the Compass of the FLUTE.

WITH

A Thorow-Bass, for the *Theorbo-Lute*,  
*Bass-Viol*, *Harpsichord*, or *Organ*.

*Composed by several of the Best Masters.*

THE THIRD BOOK.



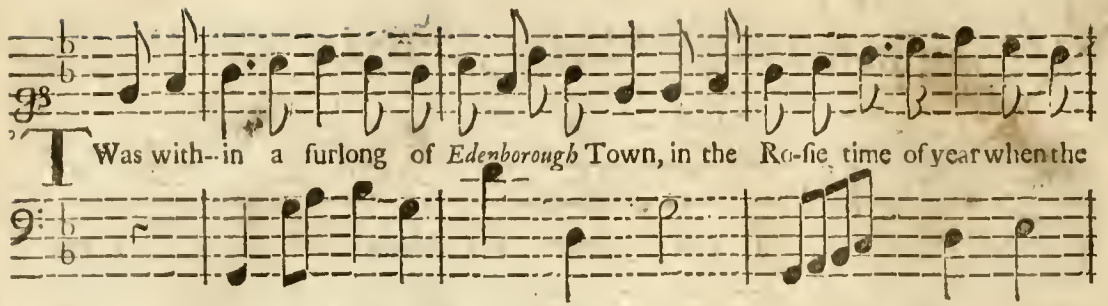
F. H. Van. Hove, Sculp.

L O N D O N,

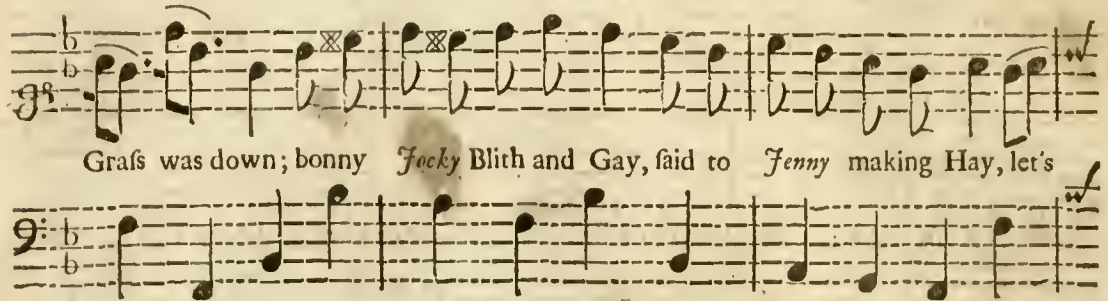
Printed by J. Heptinstall, for Henry Playford, and Sold by him at his  
House over-against the Blew-Ball in Arundel-street; where the First and Second  
Books may be had. The Fourth Book will be Publish'd next Term, which will  
make the First Volume Compleat. MDCXCVI.

Price One Shilling.

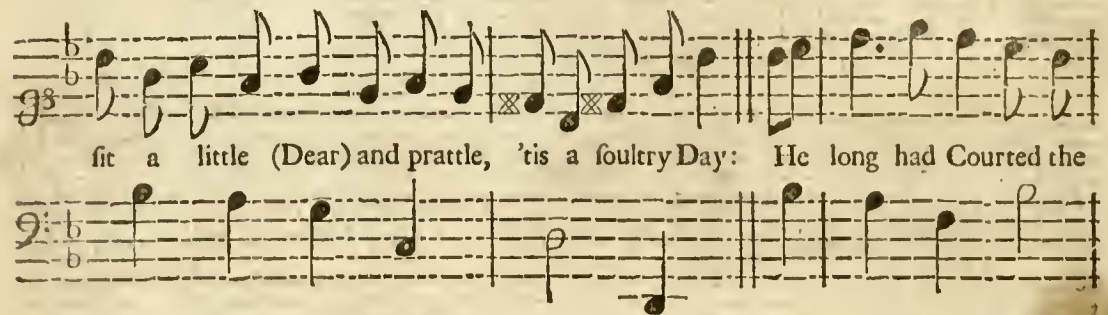




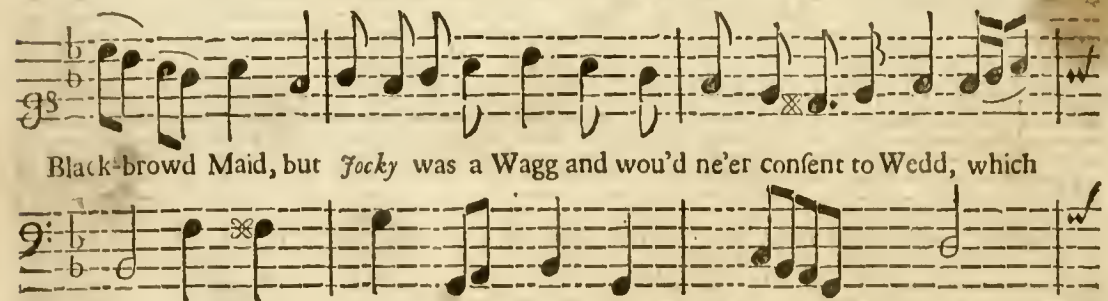
Was with-in a furlong of *Edenborough* Town, in the Ro-sie time of year when the



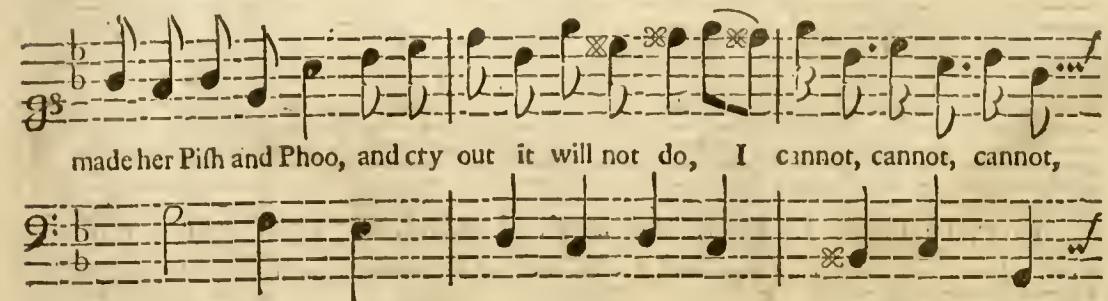
Grafs was down; bonny *Jocky* Blith and Gay, said to *Fenny* making Hay, let's



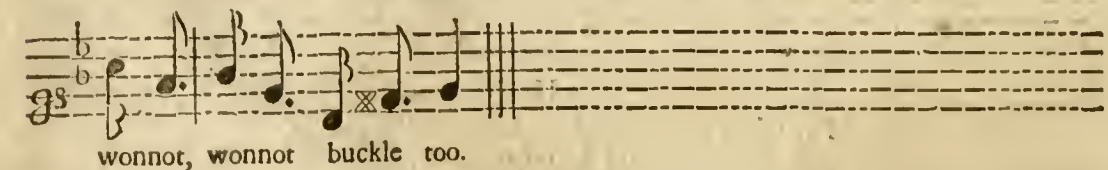
fit a little (Dear) and prattle, 'tis a foultry Day: He long had Courted the



Black-browd Maid, but *Jocky* was a Wagg and wou'd ne'er consent to Wedd, which



made her Pish and Phoo, and cry out it will not do, I cannot, cannot, cannot,



wonnot, wonnot buckle too.





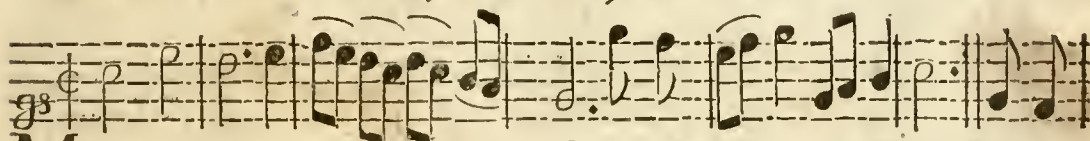
## II.

He told her Mariage was grown a me'er Joke,  
 And that no one Wedded now but the scoundrell folk,  
 Yet my dear thou should'est prevail, but I know not what I aile;  
 I shall dream of Clogs, and silly Doggs with Bottles at their taile;  
 But I'll give thee Gloves and a Bongrace to wear,  
 And a pritty Filly-foal, to ride out and take the Air,  
 If thou ne'er wilt Pish nor Phoo, and cry it ne'er shall doe,  
 I cannot, cannot, &c.

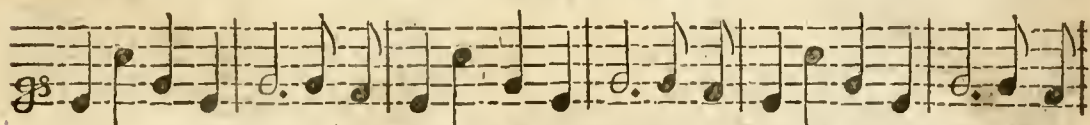
## III.

That you'll give me Trinkets, cry'd she, I believe,  
 But ah! what in return must your poor *Jenny* give,  
 When my Maiden Treasure's gone, I must gang to *London-Town*,  
 And Roar and Rant, and Patch and Paint, and Kifs for half a Crown;  
 Each Drunken Bully oblige for pay,  
 And earn an hated Living in an odious fulsom way;  
 No, no, no it ne'er shall doe, for a Wife I'll be to you;  
 Or I cannot, cannot, &c.

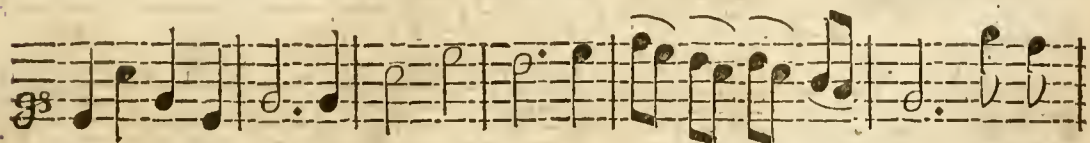
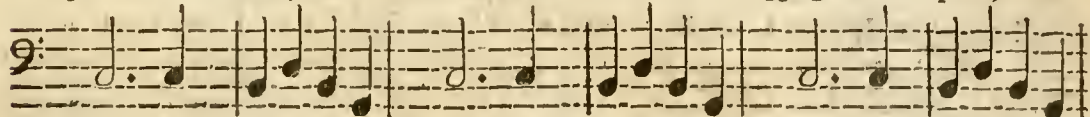
A Song in the *Mock-Mariage*, Sung by *Mis Cross*.  
 Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



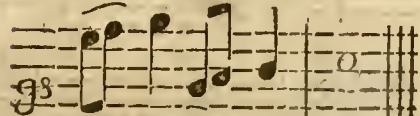
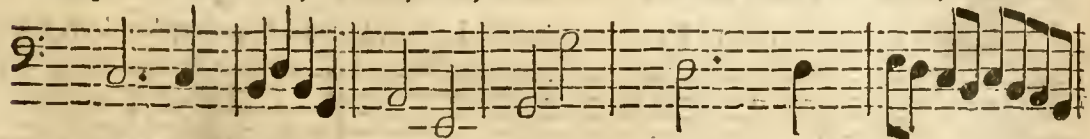
**M**An, Man, Man is for the Woman made, and the Woman made for Man; As the



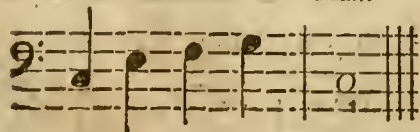
Spur is for the Jade, as the Scabbard for the Blade, as for digging is the Spade, as for



Liquor is the Can, so Man, Man, Man is for the Woman made, and the



Woman made for Man.



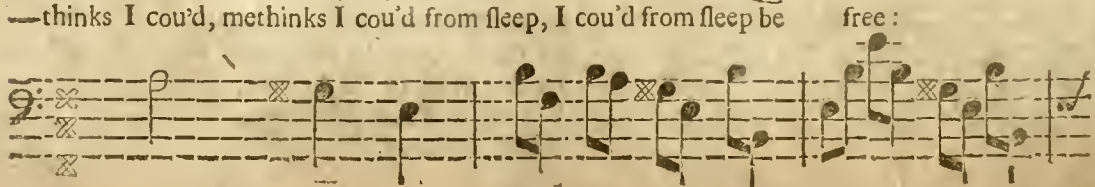
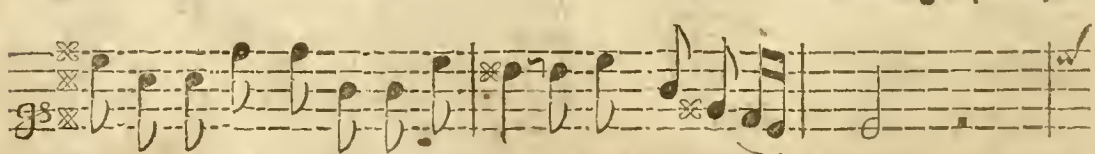
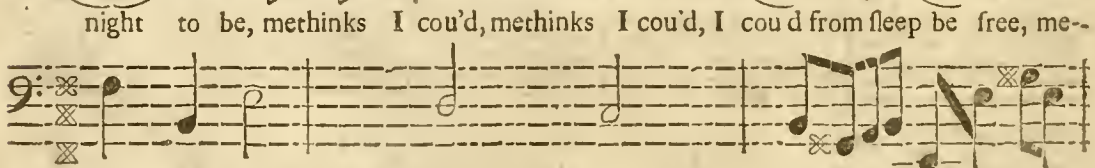
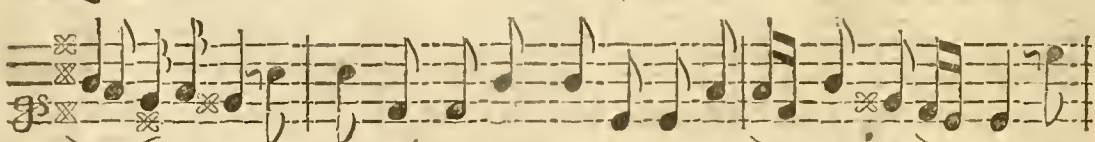
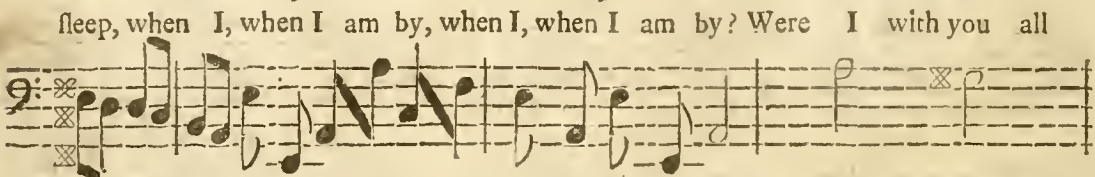
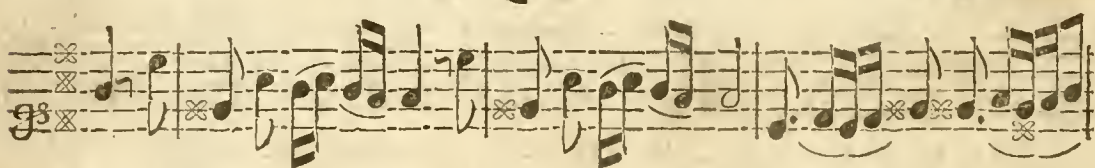
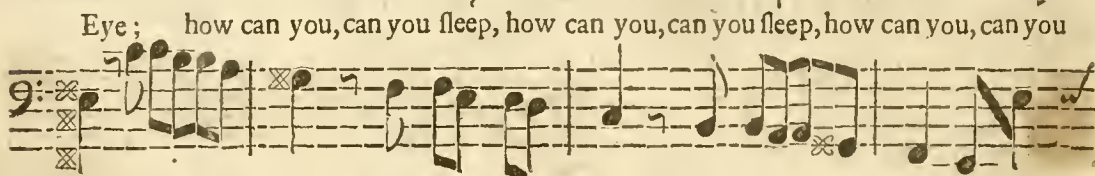
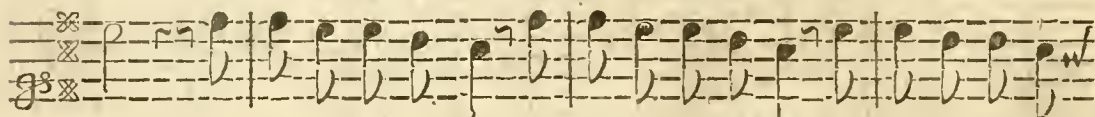
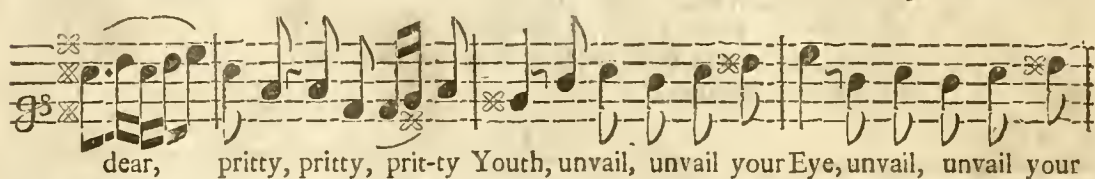
## II.

As the Scepter to be sway'd,  
 As for Night's the Serenade,  
 As for Pudding is the Pan,  
 And to cool us is the Fan,  
 So Man, &c.

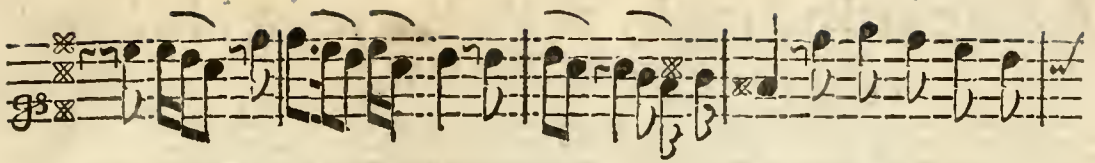
## III.

Be the Widdow, Wife or Maid;  
 Be the Wanton, be the Stay'd;  
 Be the Well or Ill Array'd;  
 Whore, Bawd, or Harridan,  
 Yet Man, &c.

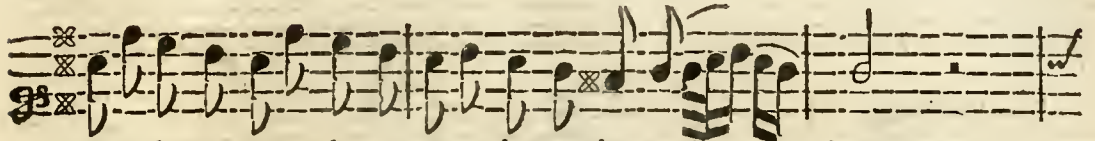
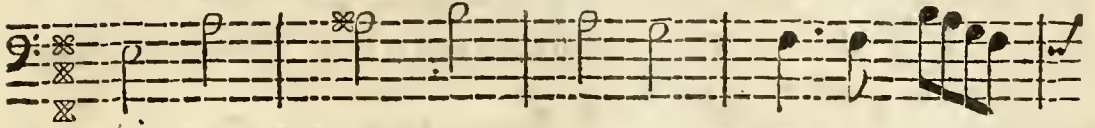
A New Song in the *Tempest*, Sung by *Mis Cross* to her Lover, who is supposed Dead. Set by *Mr. Henry Purcell*.







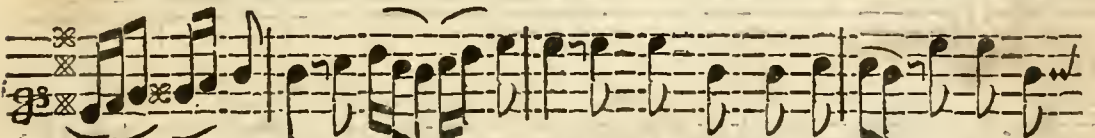
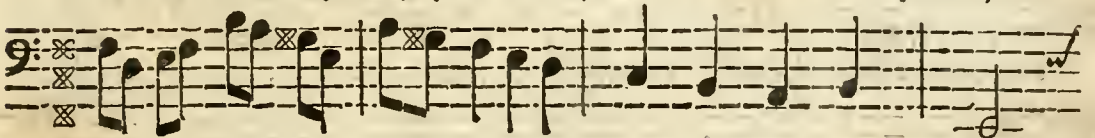
a—last, a—last my Dear, you'r cold, cold as stone, you must no longer,



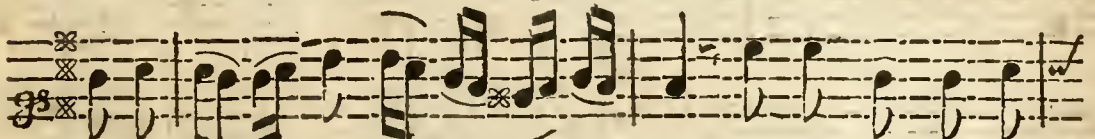
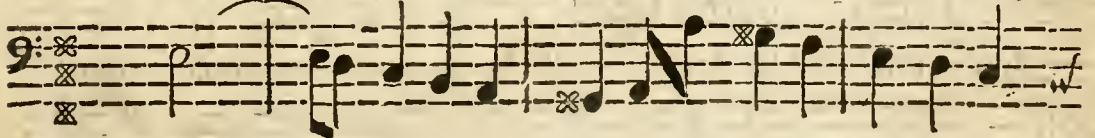
no, no longer, no, no longer, no, no longer, longer lye a—lone;



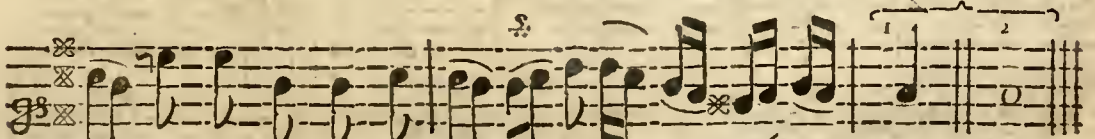
but be with me my Dear, my Dear, Dear, Dear, but be with me my Dear, and



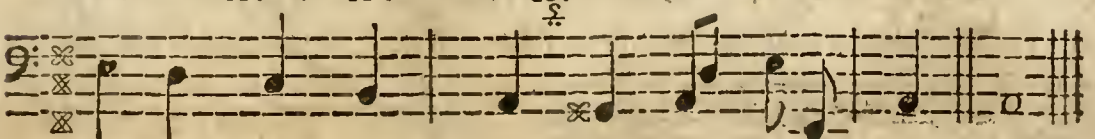
I in each Arm, and I in each Arm will hugg you, hugg you close, will hugg you,



hugg you close, hugg you close and keep you warm, will hugg you, hugg you

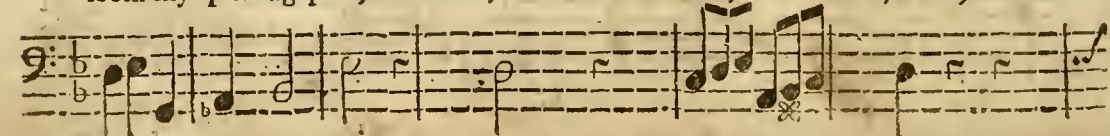
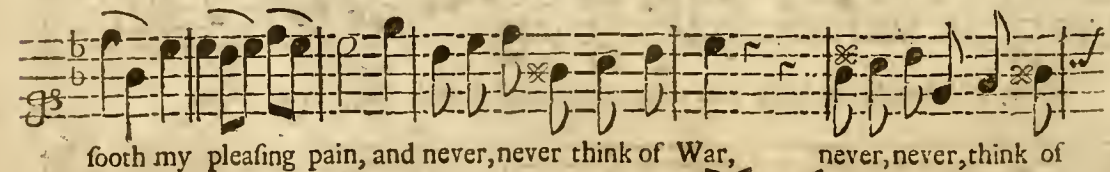
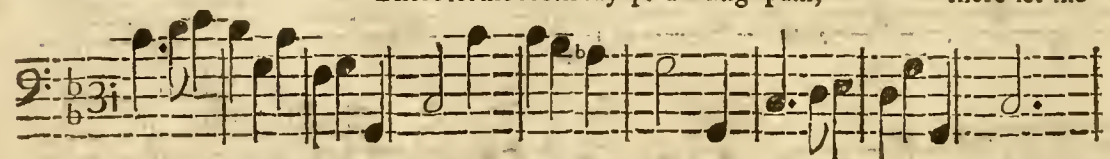
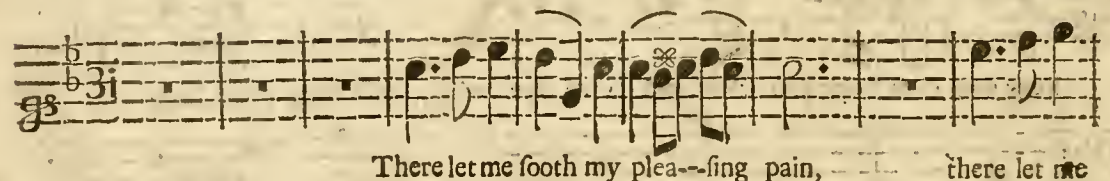
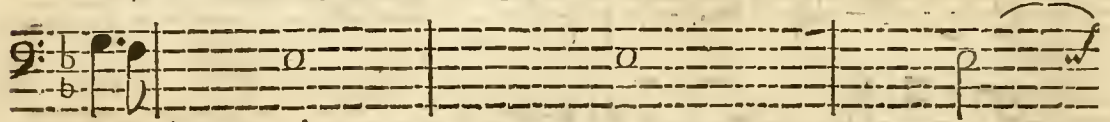
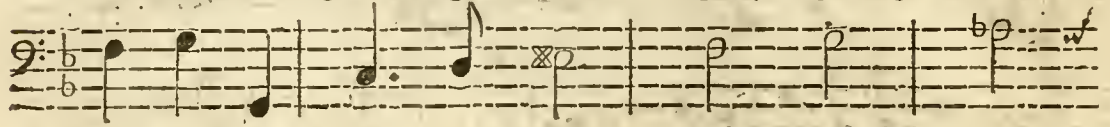
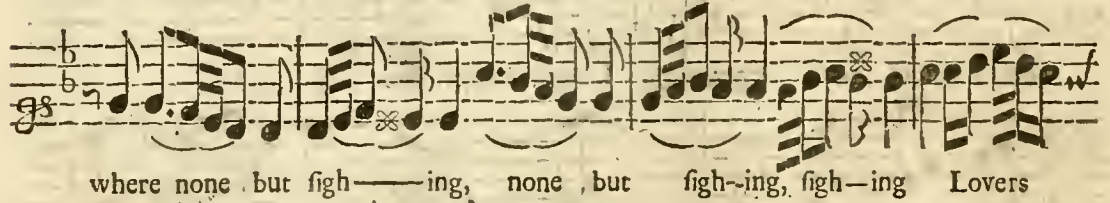
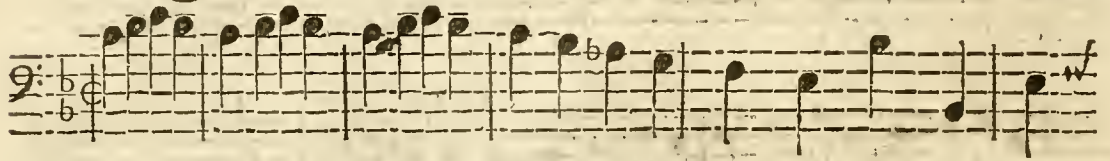
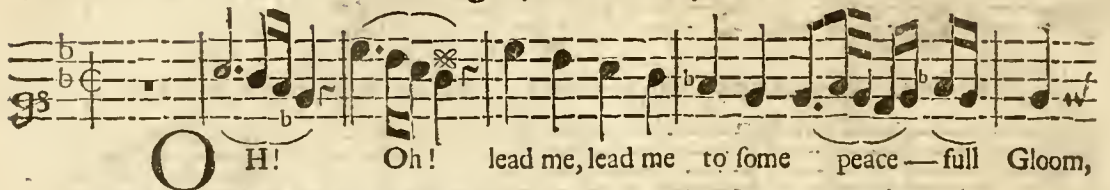


close, will hugg you, hugg you close, hugg you close and keep you warm.



A Song in the Trageby of *Bonduca*, fet by Mr. Purcell.

Sung by Miss Cross.





War, never, never think of War, never, never, never, never, never

think of War a--gain : what glo--ry, what glo--ry

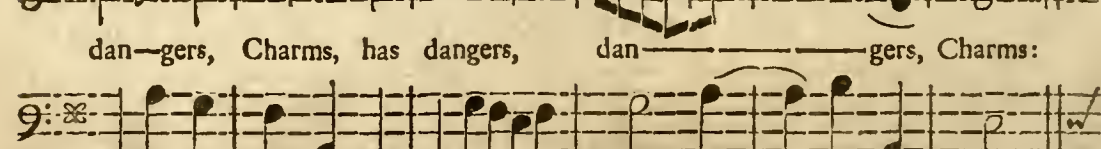
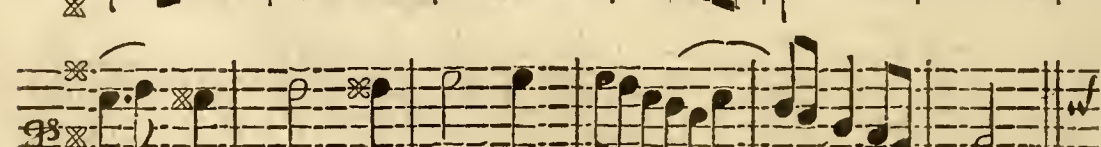
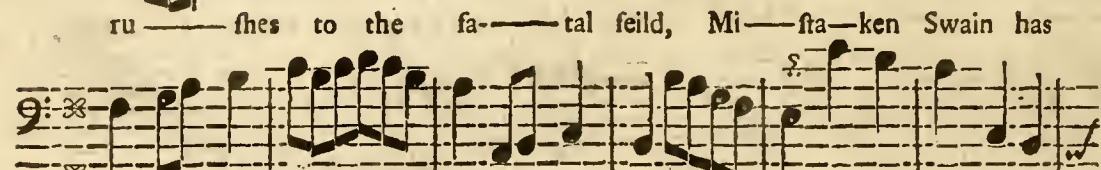
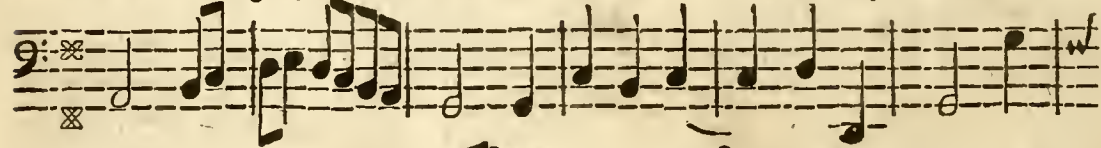
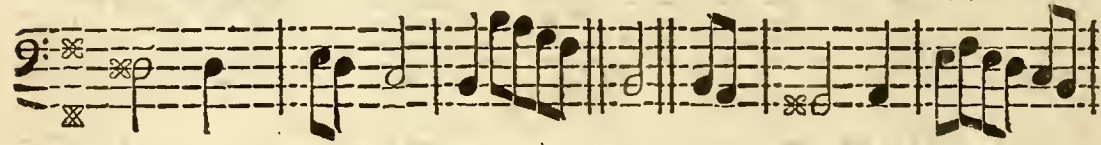
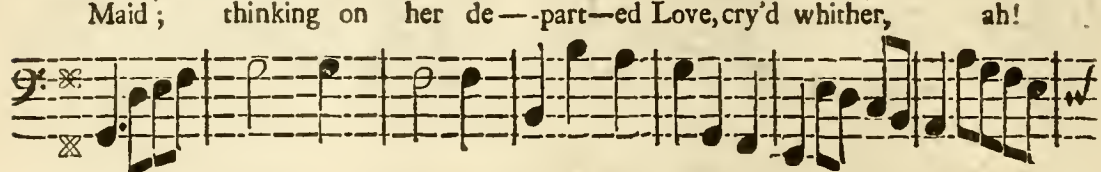
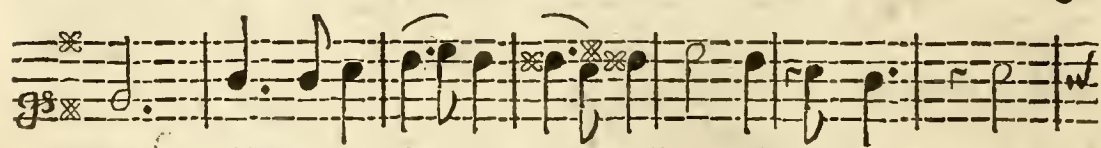
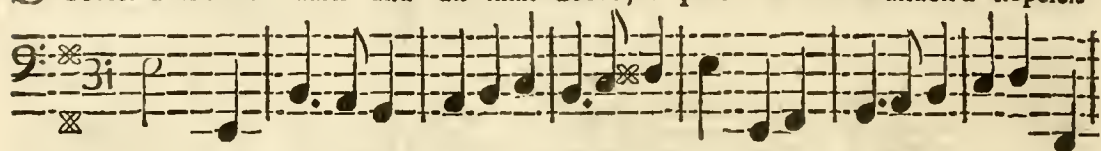
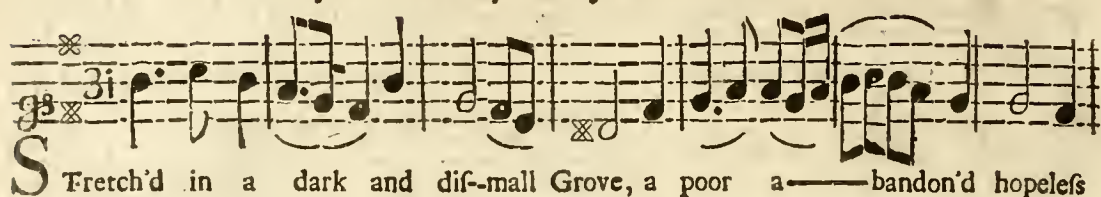
ry, what glo--ry can, can a Lover have to conquer, to con

quer, yet be still a slave, what glo--ry, what glo--ry

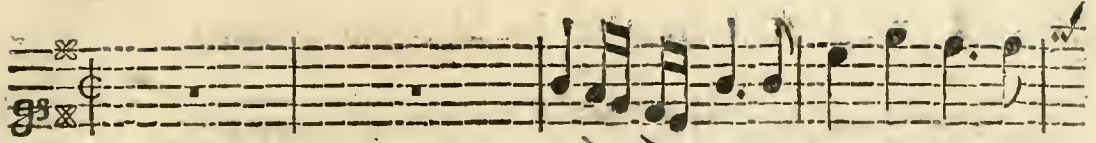
ry can a Lo--ver have, to conquer, to conquer, to conquer,

yet be still, still a slave, yet, yet be still, yet, yet be still, yet, yet be still, still a slave?

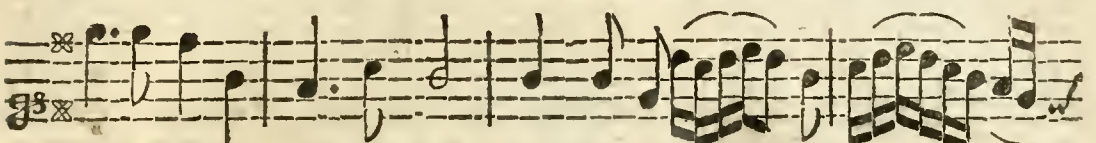
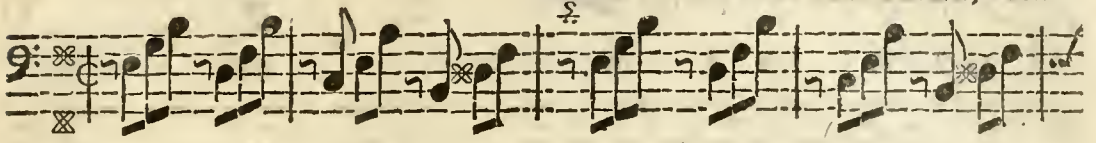
A Song in the 5<sup>th</sup>. Act of *Pyrrhus*, Sung by Mrs. Hud-  
son. Set by Mr. John Eccles.



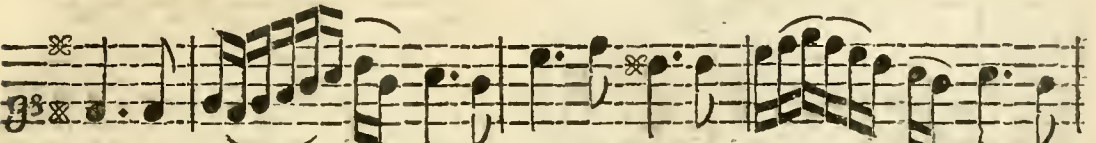




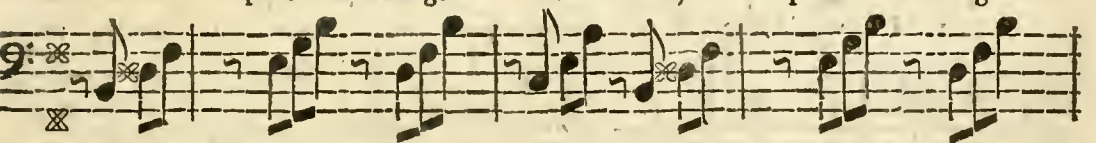
Lovers with scorn and hatred curst, when



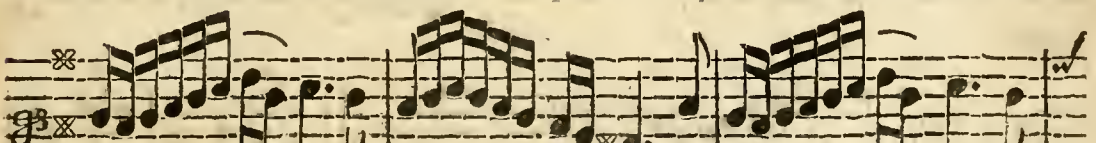
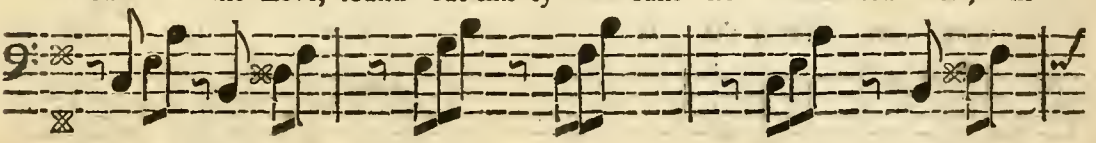
all their passion fail'd to move, found out this ty—rant ho—nour



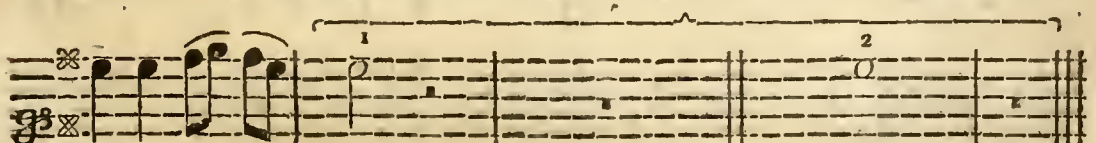
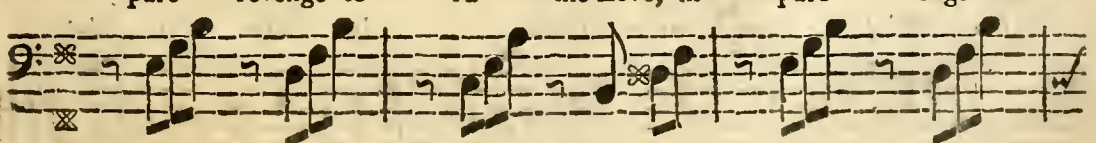
first in pure revenge to ru—ine Love, in pure revenge to



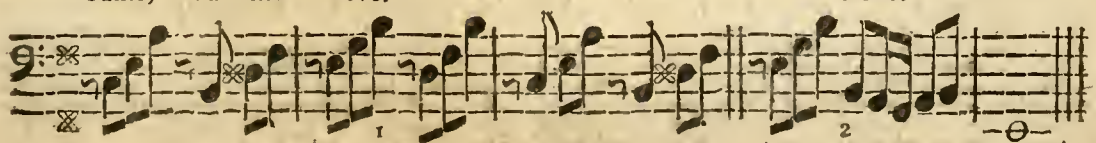
ru—ine Love, found out this ty—rant ho—nour first, in



pure revenge to ru—ine Love, in pure revenge to



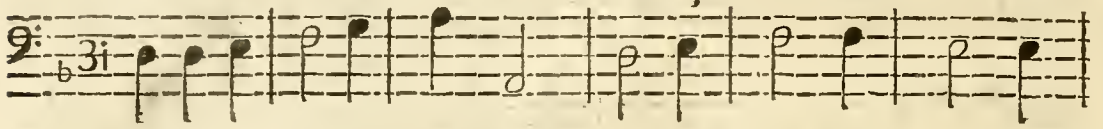
ruine, ru—ine Love. Love.



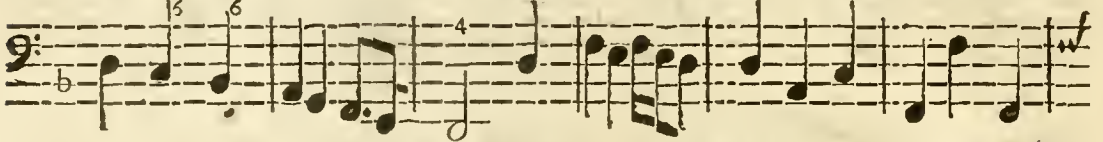
## A New Song Set by Mr. John Freeman.



**T**OO well I fear A—lex—is knows, his con—quest o'er my



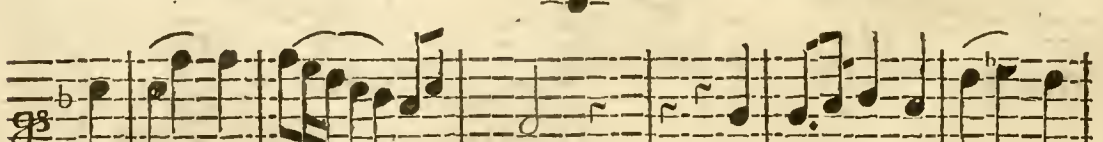
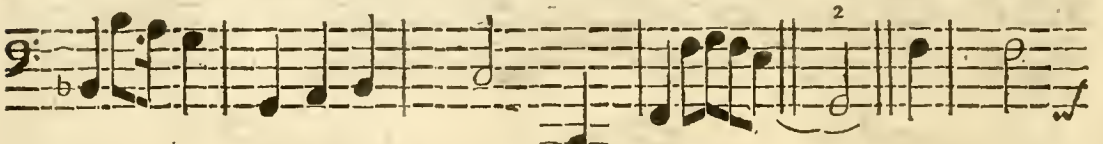
ten—der heart; in vain I wou'd the flame op—pose, in



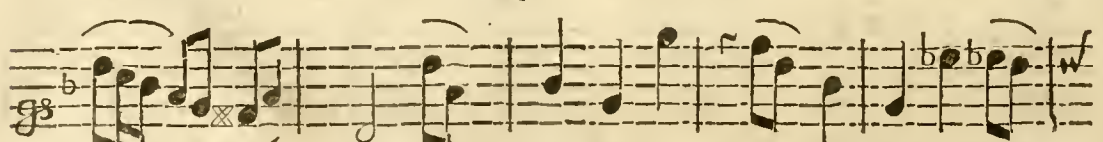
vain I wou'd the flame op—pose, in vain I wou'd, in



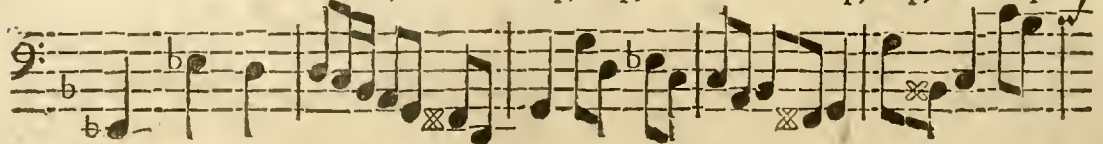
vain con—temn the fa—tall dart: But love



too subr'ly does in—vade, but love too subr'ly



does in—vade, oh! help, help, oh! oh! help, help, oh! help





oh! on! help a yeild ————— ing Maid, but Love too

subtly, too subtly does in—vade, oh! help, help, help, oh!

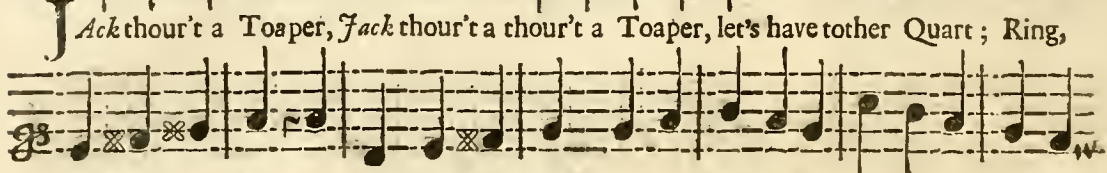
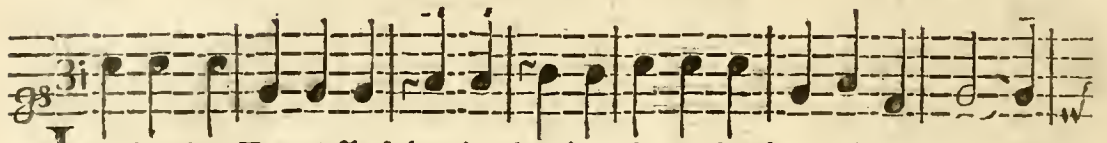
help, help, oh! help, help, oh!

help a yeild —————

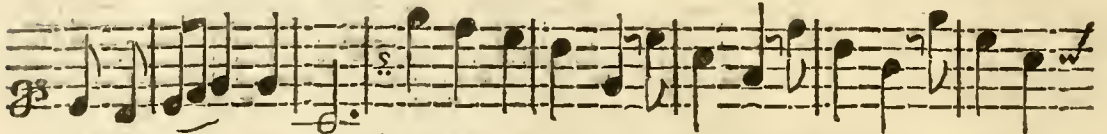
ing Maid.

# A New *Catch* in the Tragedy of *Bonduca*.

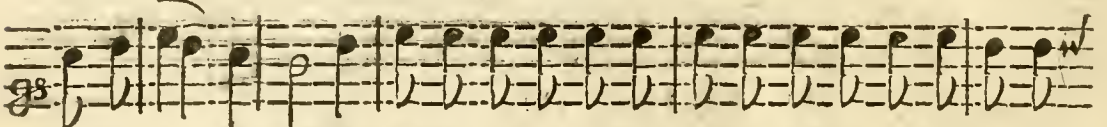
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



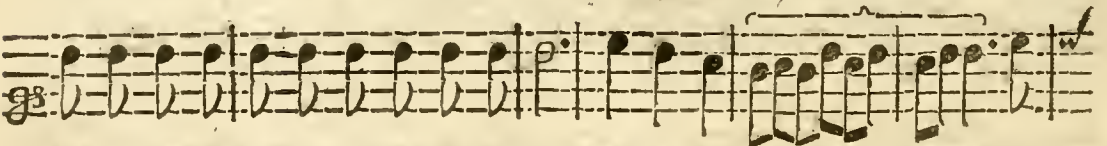
ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, we'er so sober, so sober, so sober



'twere a shame to part; None but a Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold



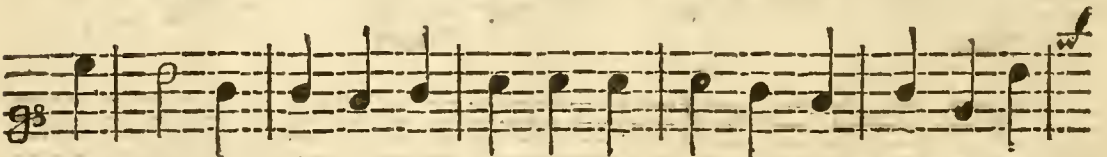
Bully'd by his Wife, for coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming,



coming, coming, coming, coming, coming late, fears a Do-mes-----tick



Strife; I'm free, I'm free and so are you, so are you, so are you too, call



and knock, knock boldly, knock boldly, knock boldly, knock boldly, tho'



Watchmen cry past two a Clock.



A Dialogue in *King Arthur*, set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

Y O U say 'tis Love creates the pain, of which so sadly you complain;

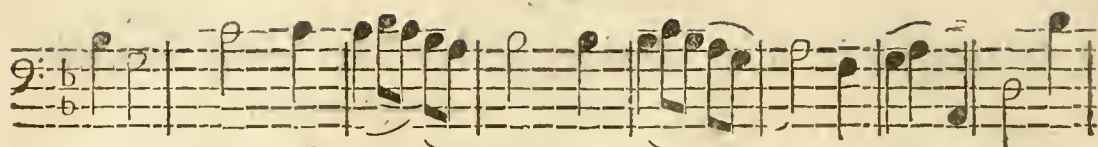
and yet would fain engage my heart, in that un-easy cruel, cruel part;

but how a-las, how a-las think you that I can bear the wound

--ds of which you die? how a-las, how a-las think you that I can

bear the wounds of which you die? 'Tis not my passion makes my care,

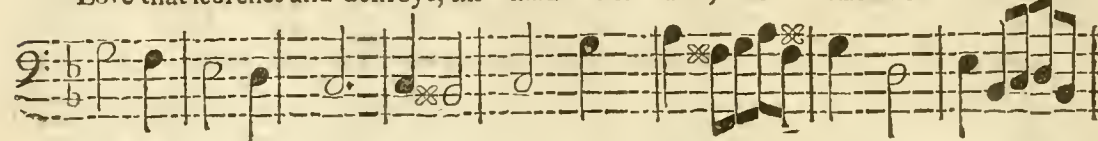
but your indifference gives despair; the lusty Sun, the lusty Sun be—



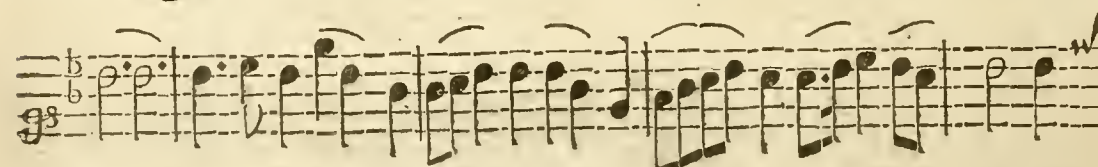
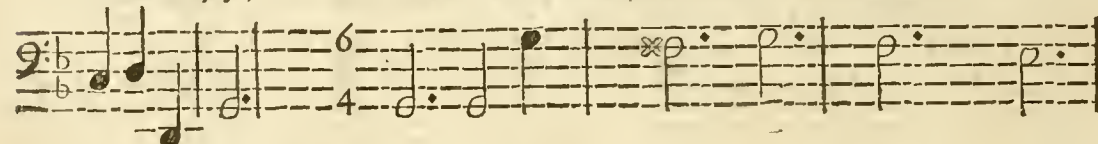
— gets no Spring, till gen—tle show'rs, till gen—tle show'rs af—fiance bring, so



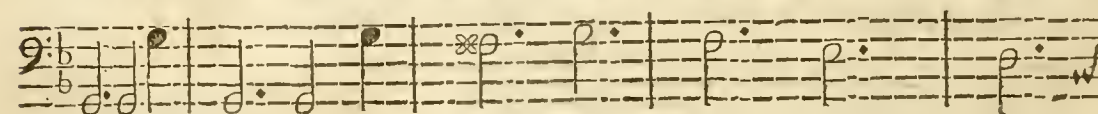
Love that scorches and destroys, till kind—nefs aids, till kind-nefs aids can



cause no joy ; Love has a thousand, thousand, thousand, thou—sand ways to



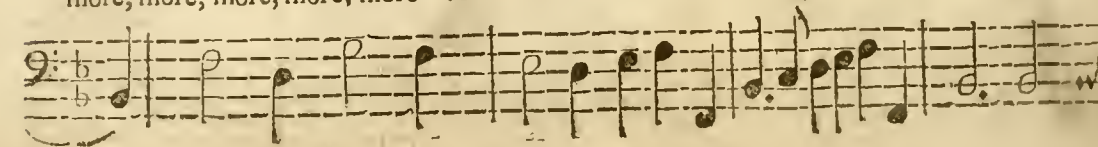
please; Love has a thousand, thousand, thousand, thou—sand ways to please; but



more, more, more, more, more, more, more to rob us of our ease, but more, more,



more, more, more, more, more to rob us of our ease; for wak—





ing nights and carefull days, some hours of plea

fures he re-pays; But ab-fence foon or jea-lous

fears o'er-flows the joy, o'er-flows the joy with floods of Tears; but ab-

fence foon or jea-lous fears o'er-flows the joys, o'er-flows the joys with floods of

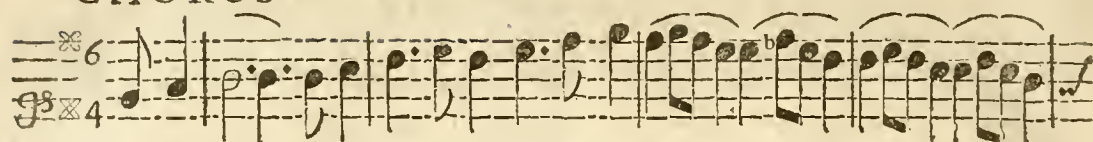
Tears: But one soft moment makes amends for all the tor-

ment that at-

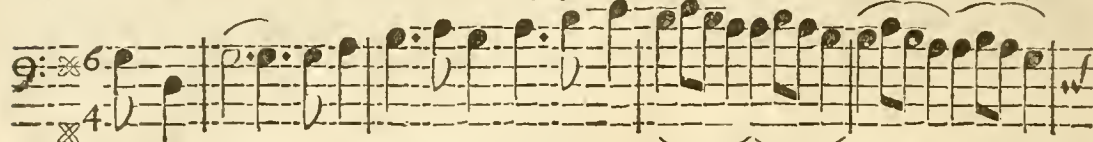
--tends, one soft moment makes a-mends for all the tor-

ment that at--tends.

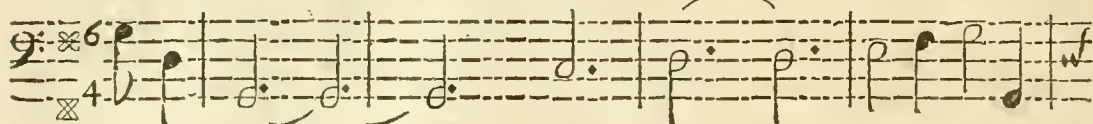
## CHORUS.



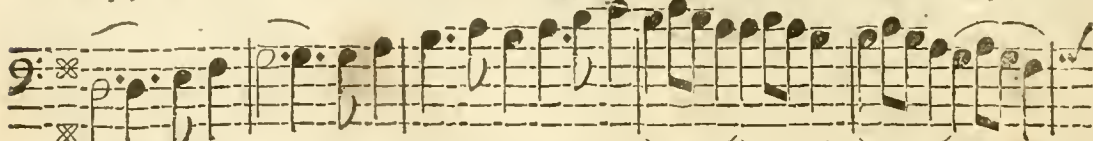
Let us Love, let us Love and to hap-pine/s hast, hast, hast, hast,



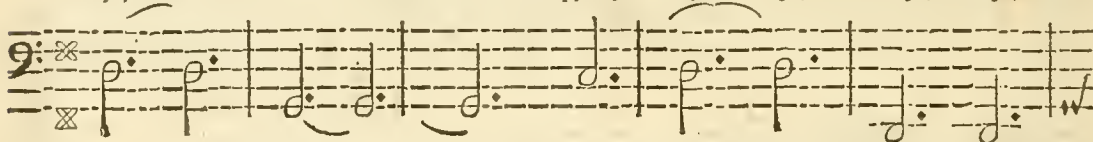
Let us Love, let us Love and to hap-pi-ness hast, hast, hast, hast,



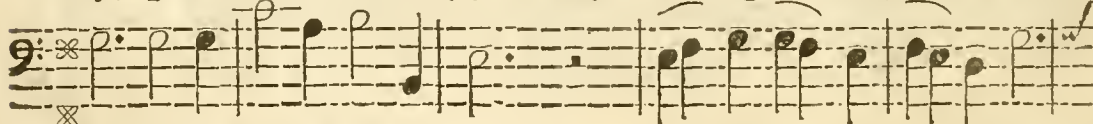
hast, let us Love, let us Love and to happine/s hast, hast, hast, hast,



hast, let us Love, let us Love and to happine/s hast, hast, hast, hast,



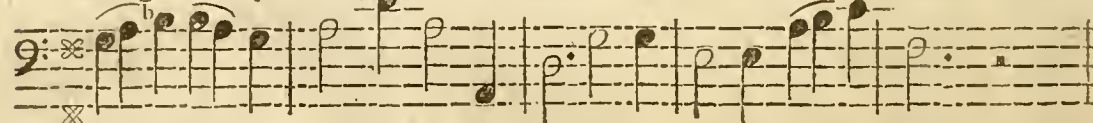
hast, Age and Wis-dom comes too fast; Youth for lo-ving was design'd, Youth for



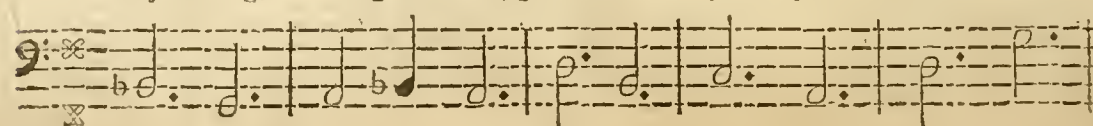
hast, Age and Wis-dom comes too fast; Youth for lo-ving was design'd,



lo-ving, Youth for loving was de--sign'd; You be constant



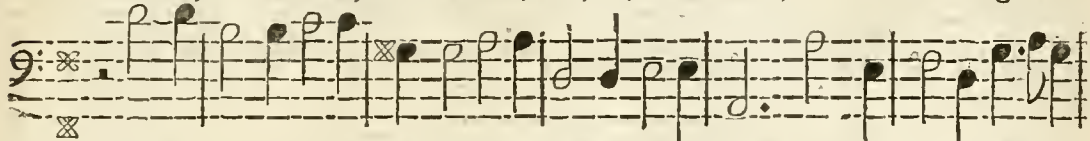
Youth for loving, loving was de-sign'd; I'll be constant, you be kind,



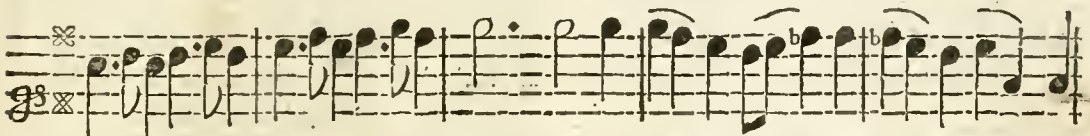
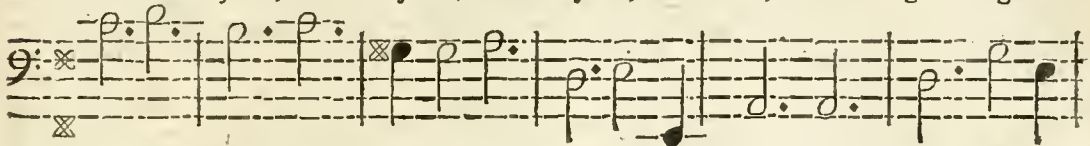




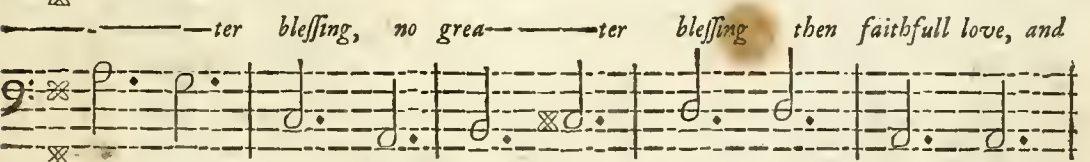
I'll be kind, I'll be kind, I'll be kind, kind, I'll, I'll be kind; Heav'n can give no



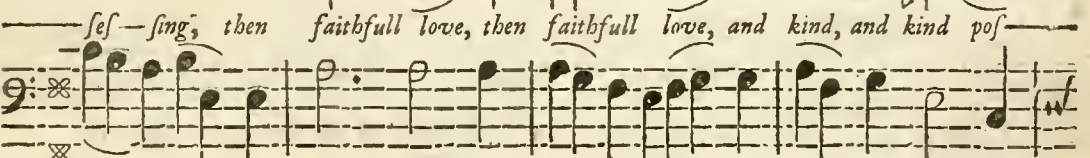
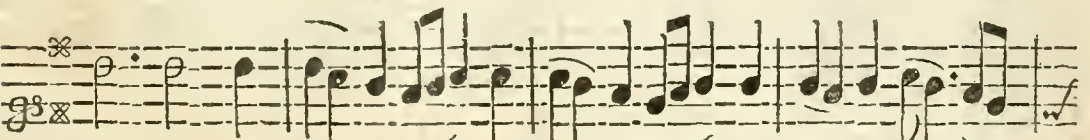
I'll be constant, I'll be constant, I'll be constant, I'll be kind; Heav'n can give no grea—



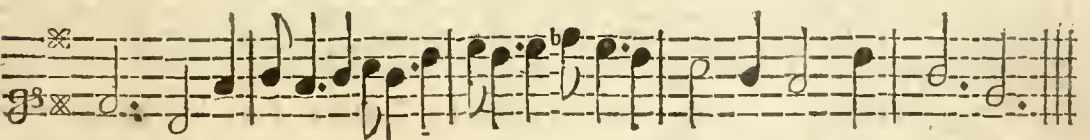
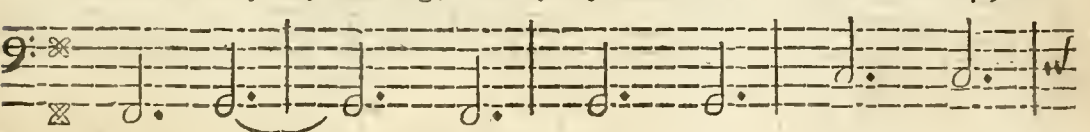
grea—ter blef—sing then faithfull love, and kind, and kind pos—



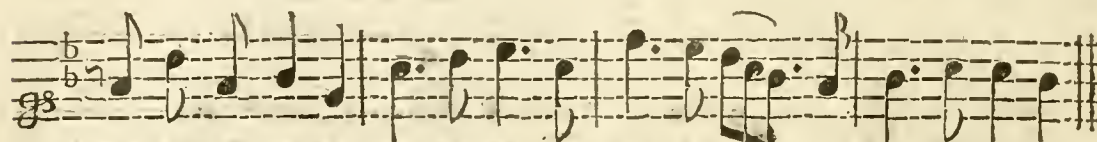
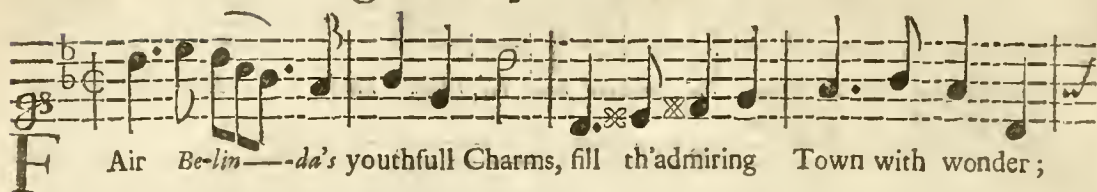
ter blessing, no grea—ter blessing then faithfull love, and



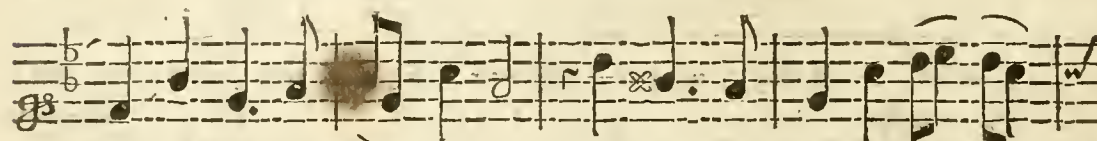
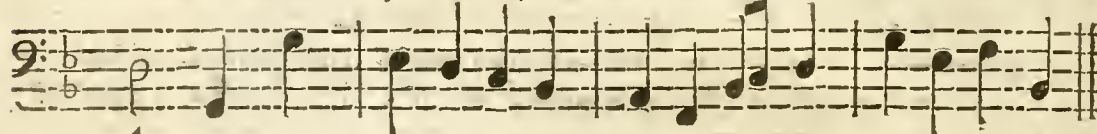
kind, and kind pos—ses—sing, then faithfull love, and kind, and kind pos—



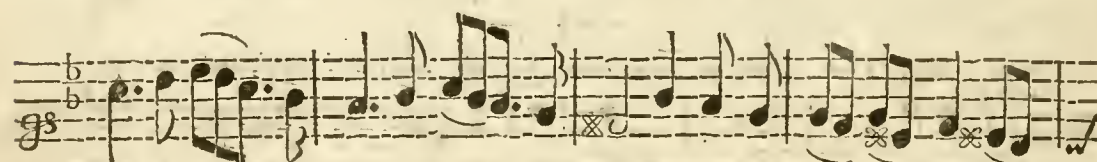
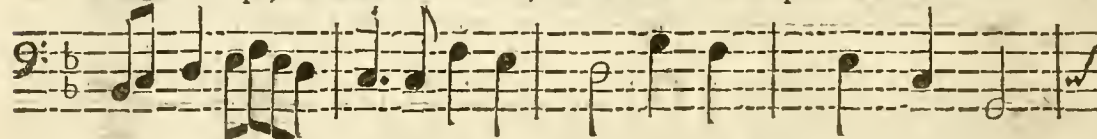
## A Song set by Mr. John Eccles.



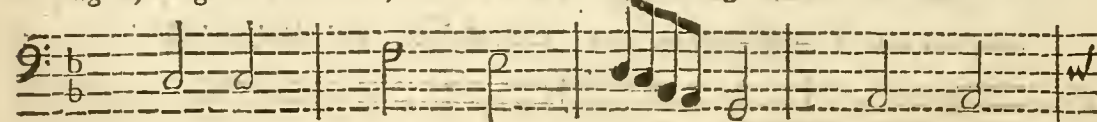
The stubborn'st Heart her Eyes allure, and make 'em to her Pride sur-render:



Face and Shape, and Wit so Rare, Heav'n's ma-ster-—peice She was de—



—sign'd, a grace-ful Meen, and such an Air, nothing ex-cells it but her



Mind; the Women en-vy, Men ad-mire, her Eyes does Love in all in—

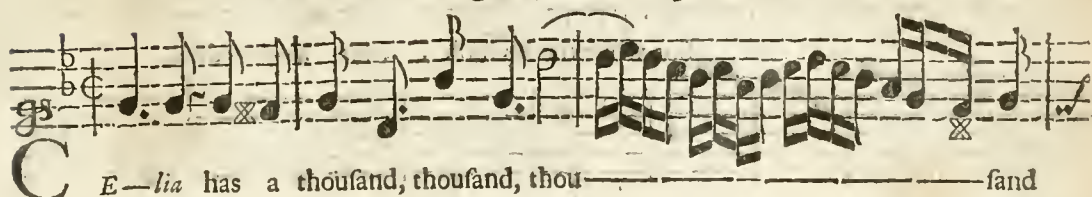


—spire, her Eyes does Love in all in—spire.





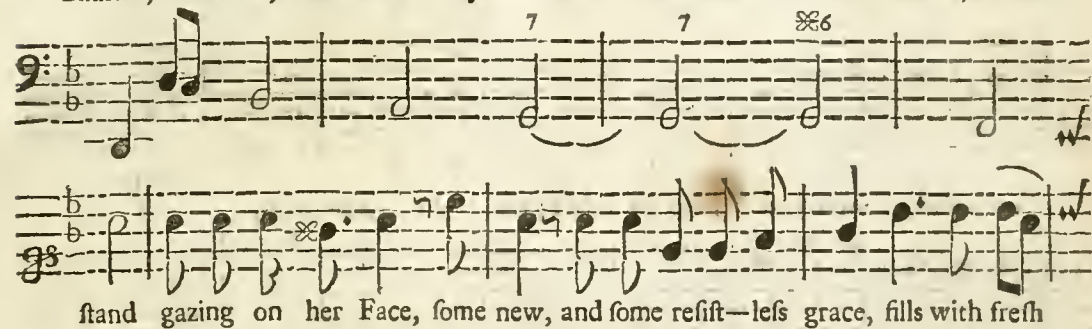
A Song in the *Rival-Sisters*, set by Mr. Henry  
Purcell. Sung by Young Bowen.



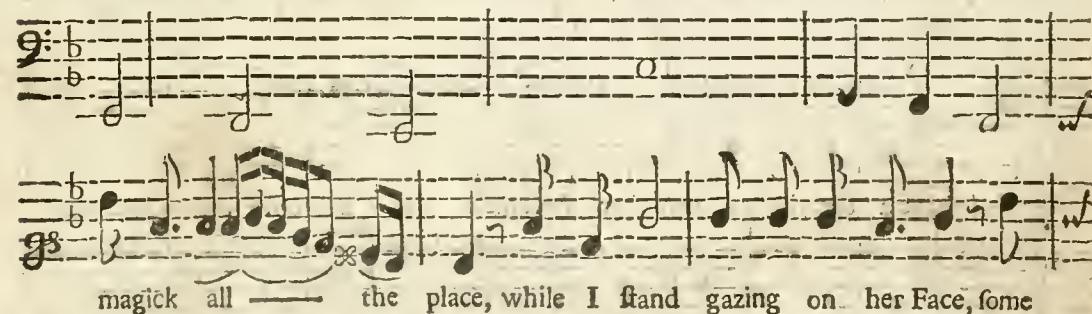
C E—lia has a thousand, thousand, thou ——— sand



Charms, 'tis Heav'n, 'tis Heav'n to lye with—in ——— her Arms; while I



stand gazing on her Face, some new, and some resist—less grace, fills with fresh



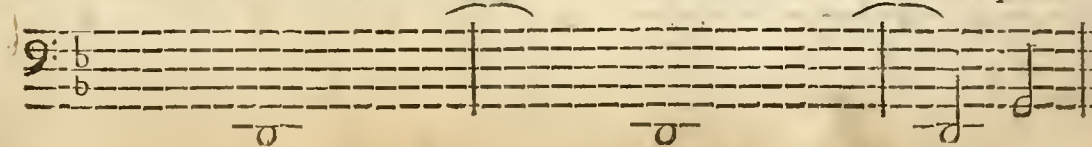
magick all — the place, while I stand gazing on her Face, some



new, and some re-sist—less grace, fills with fresh magick all —



the place:



But while the Nymph I thus a—dore,

but while the Nymph I thus, I thus a—dore, I shou'd my wretched,

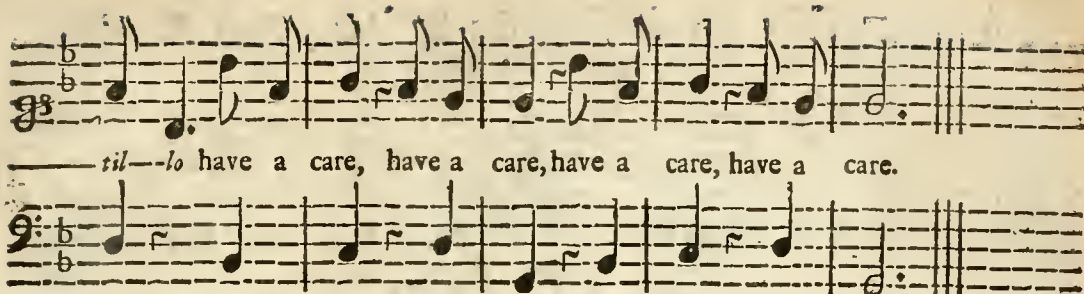
wretched, wretched Fate de—plore; for oh! Mir—tillo, oh! Mir—

—til-lo have a care, have a care, her sweetness is a—bove com—pare, but

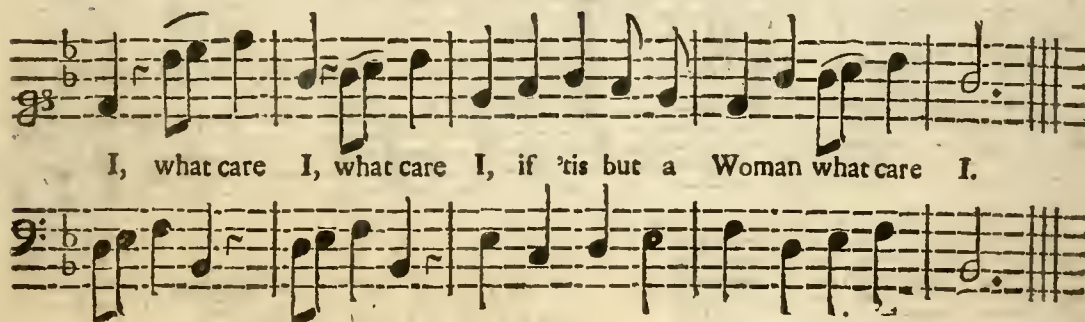
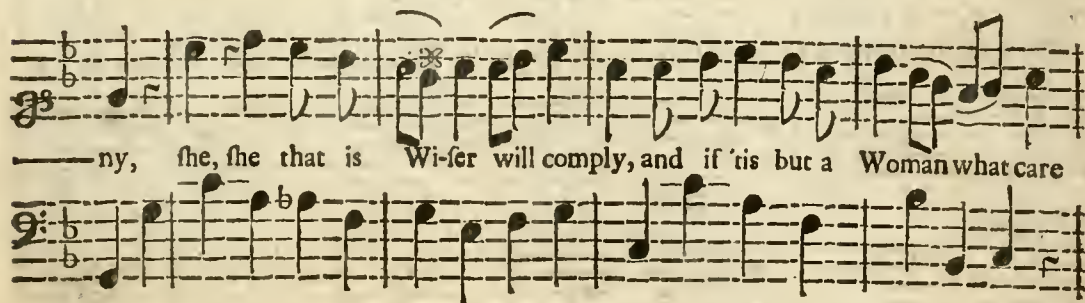
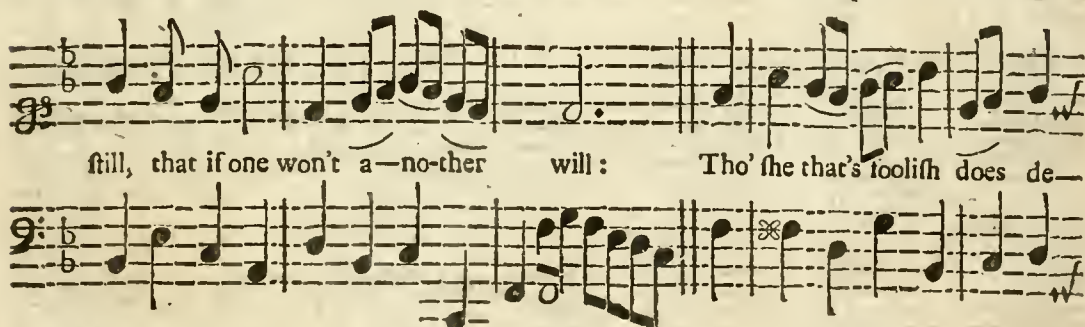
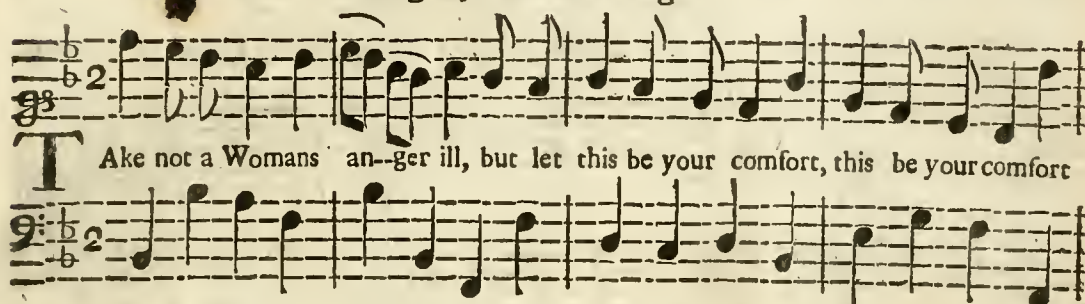
then she's false, she's false, but then she's false, she's false as well as

fair; have a care, have a care, have a care Mir--til--lo, have a care, Mir—





A Song in the *Rival-Sisters*, Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.  
Sung by Mr. Leaverige.

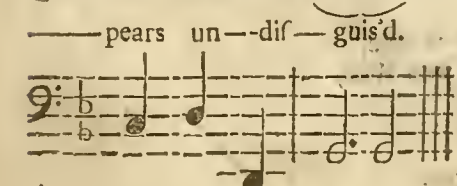
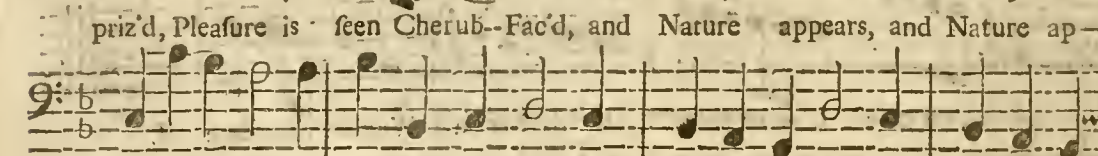
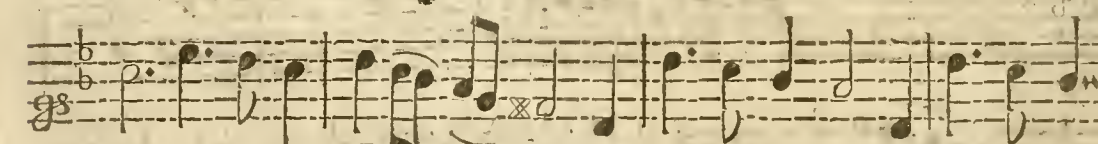
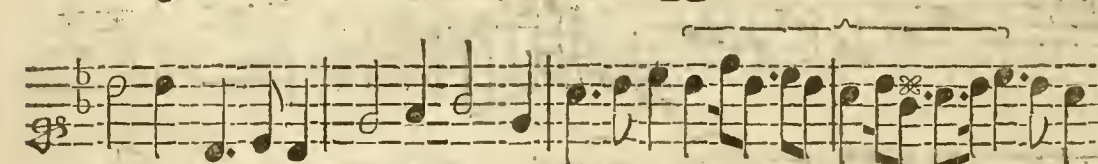
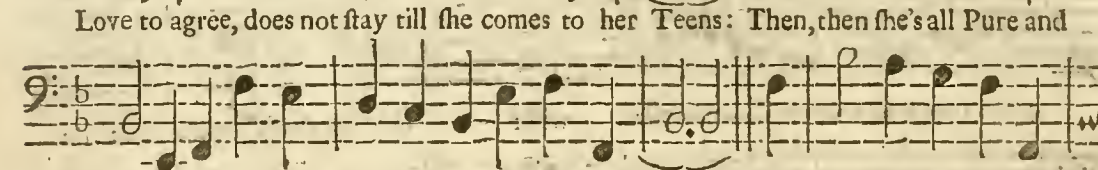
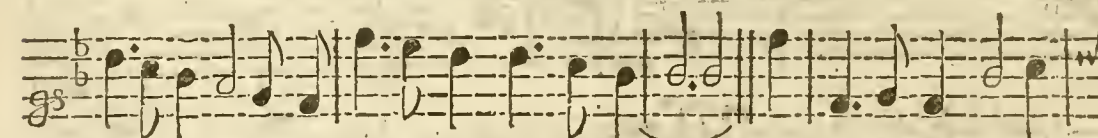
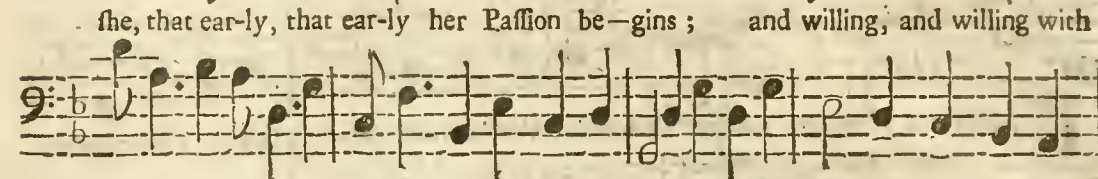
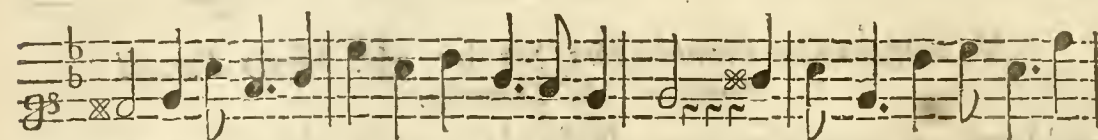
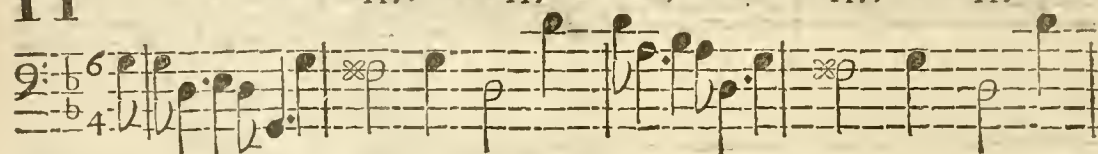
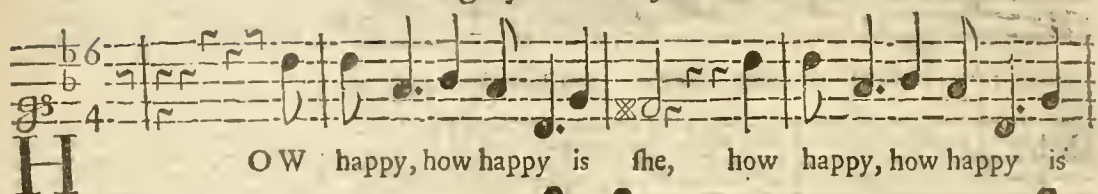


II.

Then who'd be Damn'd, to Swear untrue,  
And Sigh and Weep, and Whine and Woe,  
As all our simple Coxcombs doe;  
All Women love it, and tho' this,  
Does suddenly forbid the bliss,  
Try but the next you cannot mis.

A Song in the *Rival-Sisters*, Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

Sung by Miss Crofts.



## II.

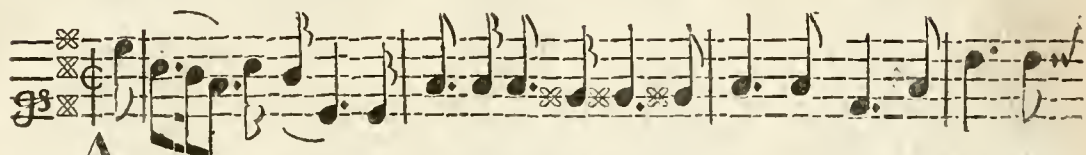
From Twenty to Thirty, and then,  
 Set up for a Lover in vain,  
 By that time we study how Men,  
 May be wrack'd with neglect and disdain:  
 Love dwells where we meet with desire,  
 Desire which Nature has given,  
 She's a Fool then that feeling the fear,  
 Begins not to warn at Eleven.

F I N I S.

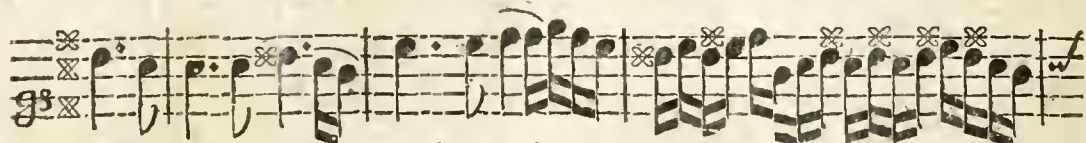
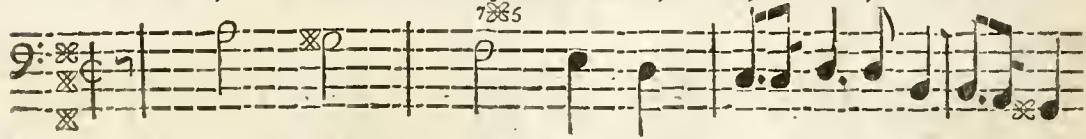


# The three following Songs, in the Play call'd *Oroonoko*.

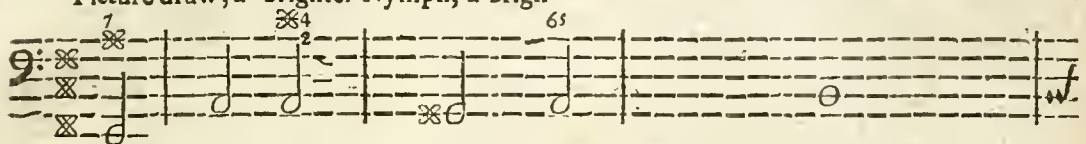
A Song Sung by the Boy, and Sett by Mr: Courteville.



**A** Lafs, a Lafs there lives upon the Green, cou'd I, cou'd I, cou'd I her



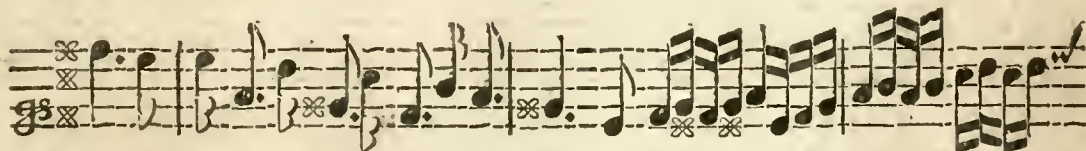
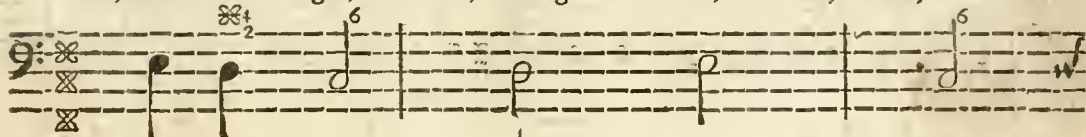
Picture draw; a brighter Nymph, a bright



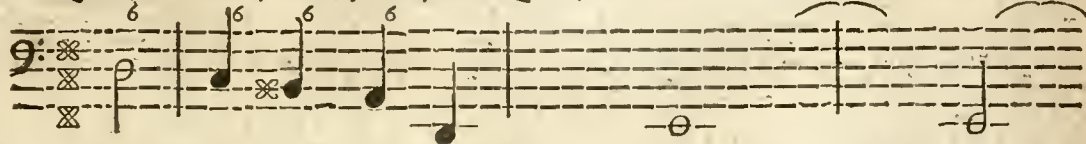
ter Nymph was never, never, never, never, never



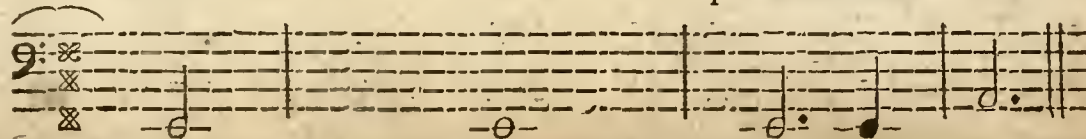
seen; that looks and reigns, that looks, and reigns a little, lit-tle, little, lit-tle

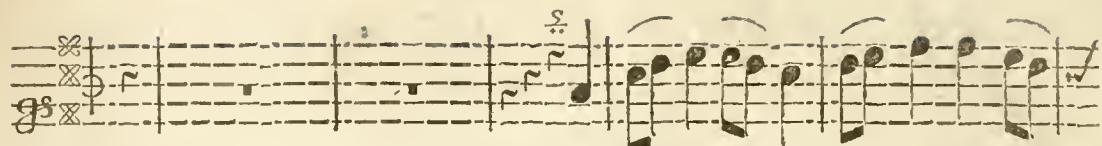


Queen, a lit-tle, lit-tle, little, little Queen, that kee

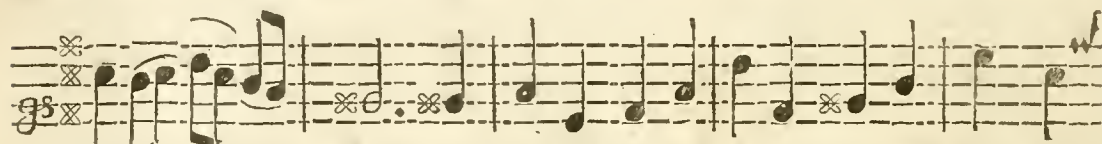
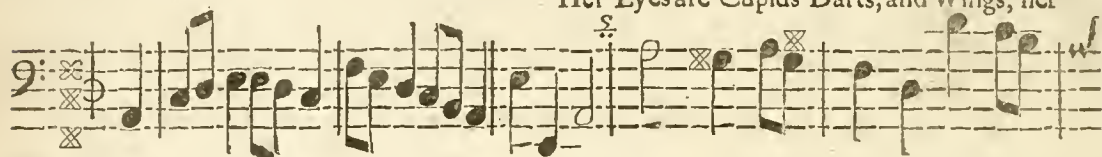


ps the Swains in awe.





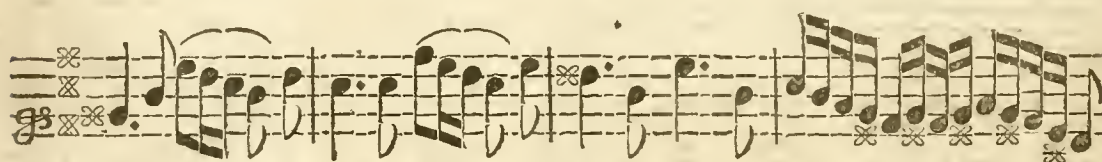
Her Eyes are Cupids Darts, and Wings, her



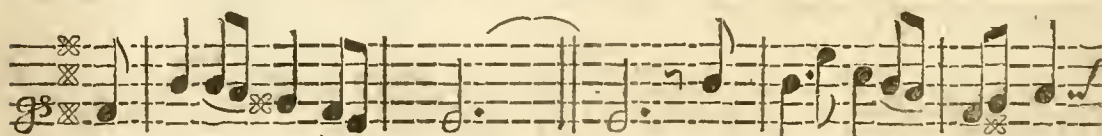
Eyebrows are his Bow, her Silken Hair the Silver Strings, that sure and



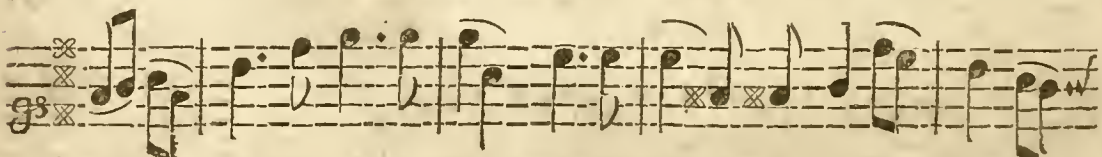
swift, swift, swi ———— ft destruction brings to all, all,



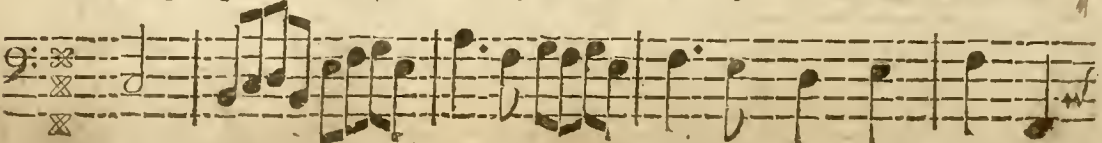
all, to all, all, all, to all, all, all, to all, to all, ————



to all the Vale be ———— low. If Pastorella's dawning,



dawning light can warm, and wound, warm and wound, can warm and wound us





fo, her Noon will shine fo Pier cing, Peir cing bright, each

glan cing Beam will kill out

—right, will kill out-right, and ev—ry Swain, and ev—ry Swain subdue, and

ev—ry Swain, and ev—ry Swain sub—due.

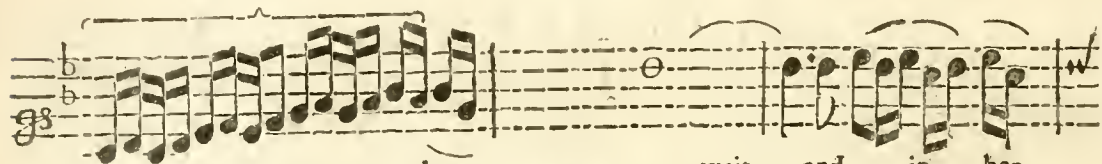
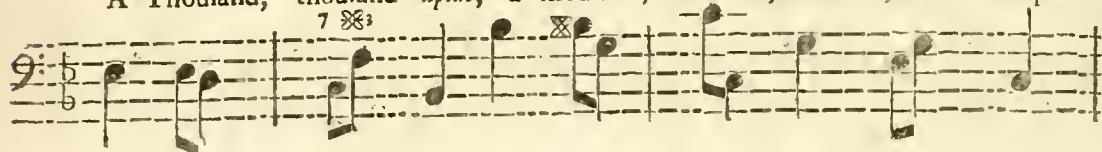
A Song Sett by Mr. R. Courtevall.

**B** Right Cynthia's Pow'r di-vine ly

great, what Heart, what Heart, what Heart is not o-bey-ing?



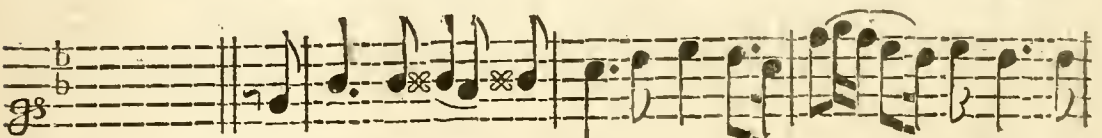
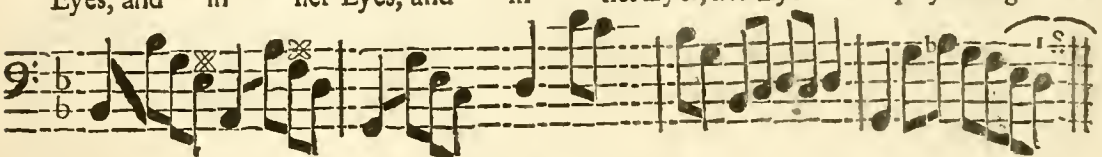
A Thousand, thousand Cupids, a thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand Cupids



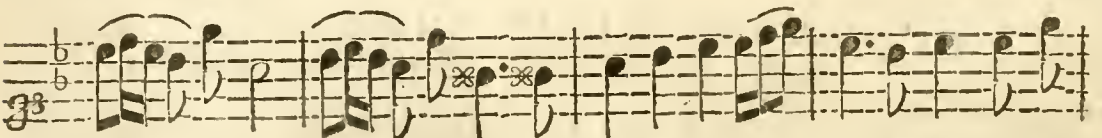
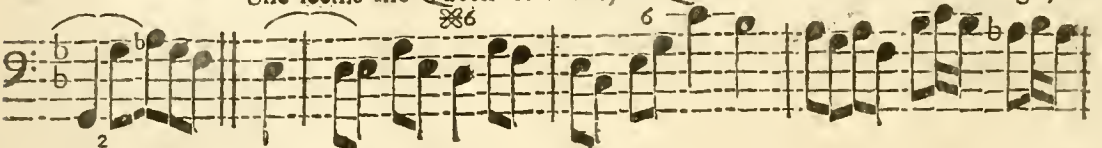
on her wait, and in her



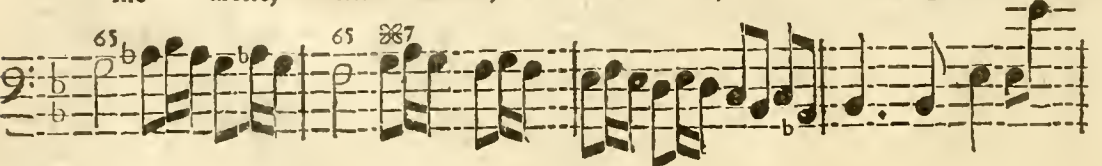
Eyes, and in her Eyes, and in her Eyes, her Eyes are play—ing.



She seems the Queen of Love, the Queen of Love to Reign, for



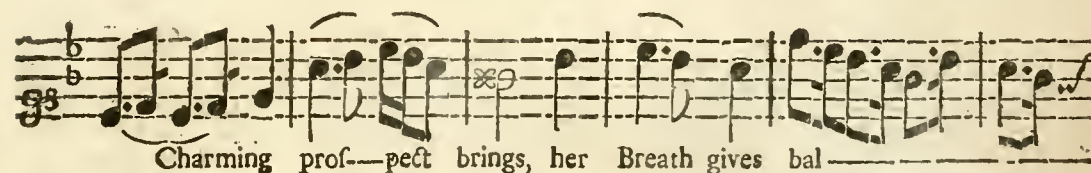
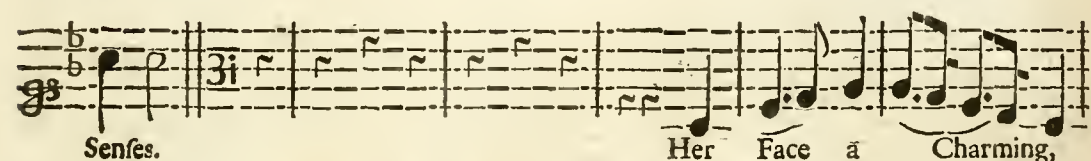
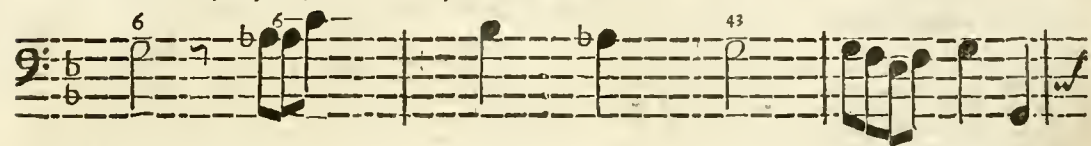
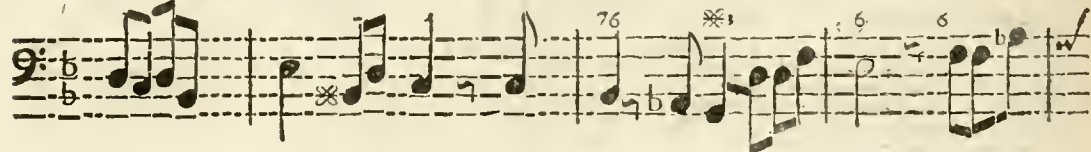
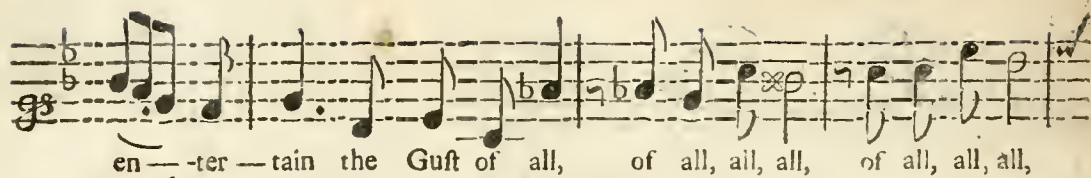
she alone, she alone, for she alone, a—lone dis—per—ses such

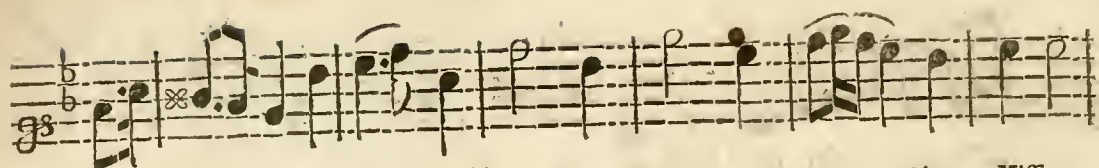


sweets, sweets, such sweets, sweets as best can en—ter—tain, can

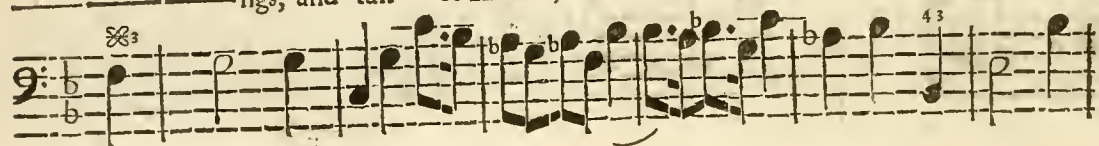




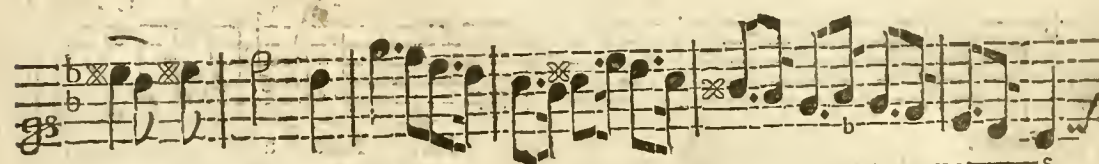
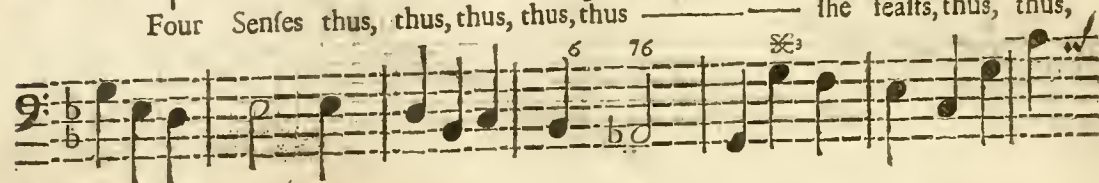




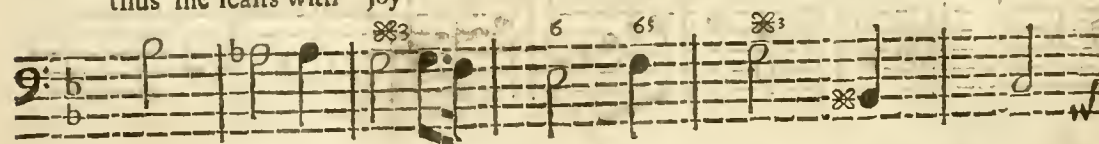
ngs, and taft of Heav'n, of Heav'n a lone in Kiffes.



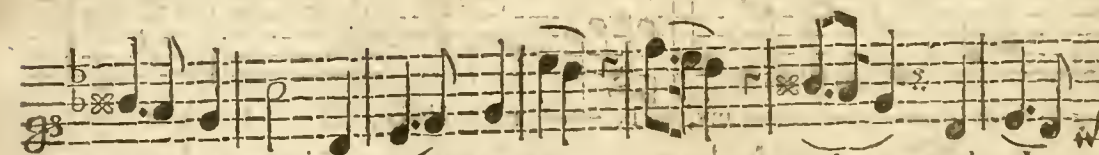
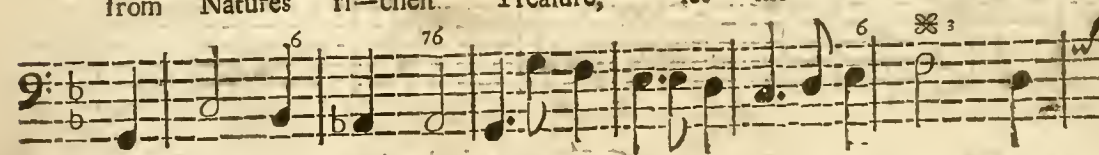
Four Senfes thus, thus, thus, thus, thus the feasts, thus, thus,



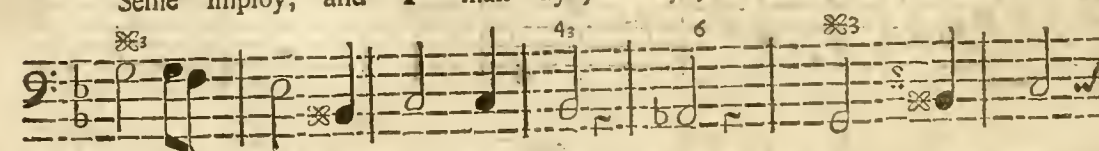
thus the feasts with joy s,



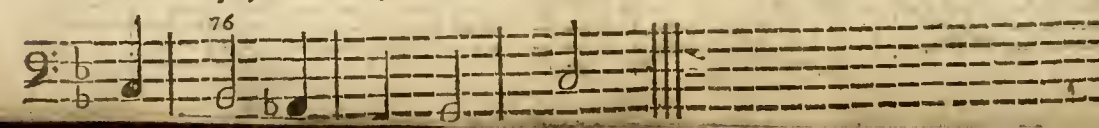
from Natures ri-chest. Treasure, let me the o-ther



Senfe imploy, and I shall dye, dye, dye, and I



shall dye, shall dye with pleasure.





# A Dialogue Sung in *Oroonoko*, by the Boy and Girl.

Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.

*He.*

E-le-me-ne, pray tell me, pray, pray tell me Ce-le-me-ne

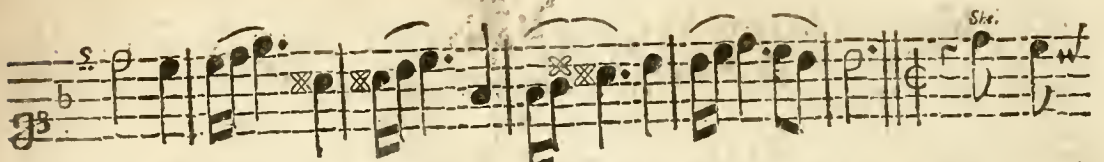
when those pretty, pretty, pretty Eyes I see; why my Heart beats,

beats, beats, beats in my Breast? why, why it will not, it will not,

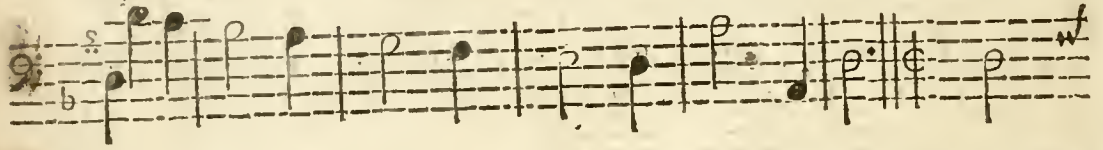
why, why it will not let me rest? Why this trem- bling,

why this trem- bling too all o'er; Pains I never, pains I

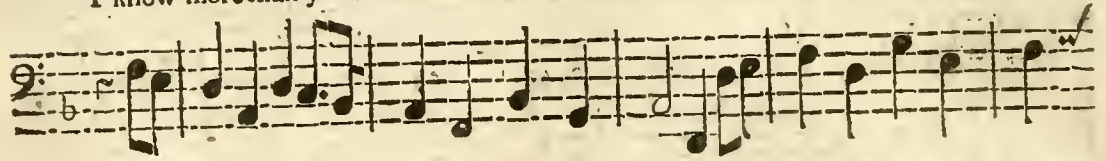
never, never, never felt be-fore: And when thus I touch, when thus I touch your Hand,



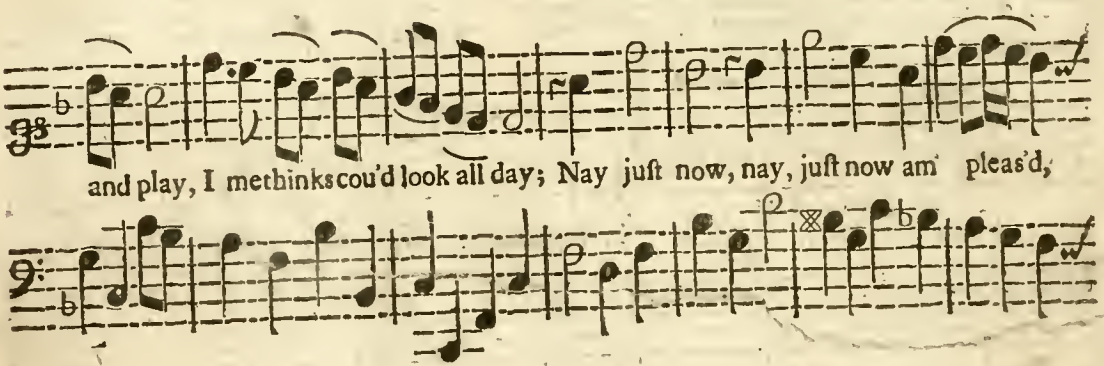
why I wish, I wish, I wish I was a Man? How shou'd



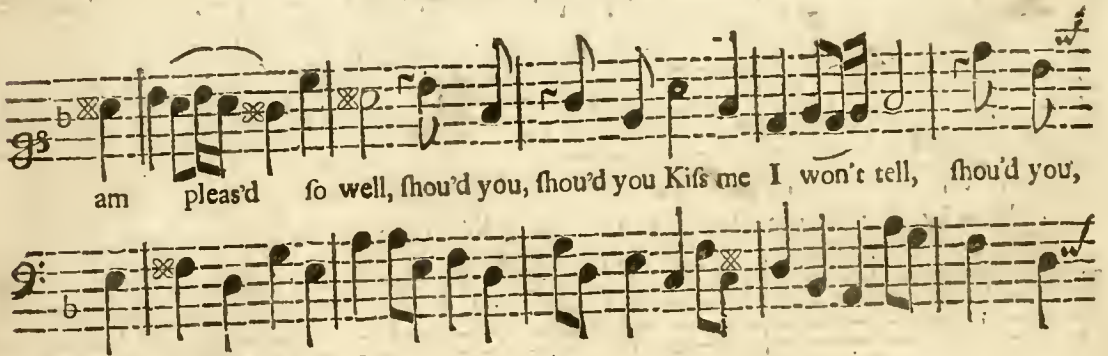
I know more than you? Yet wou'd be a Woman too. When you wash your self



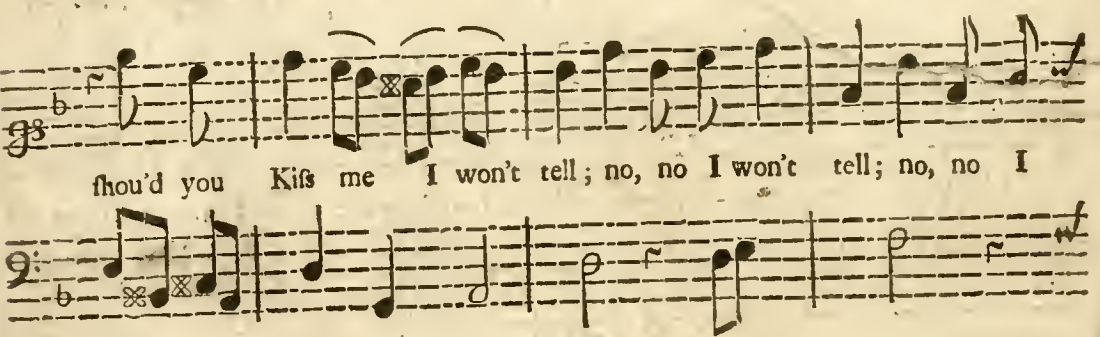
and play, I methinks cou'd look all day; Nay just now, nay, just now am pleas'd,



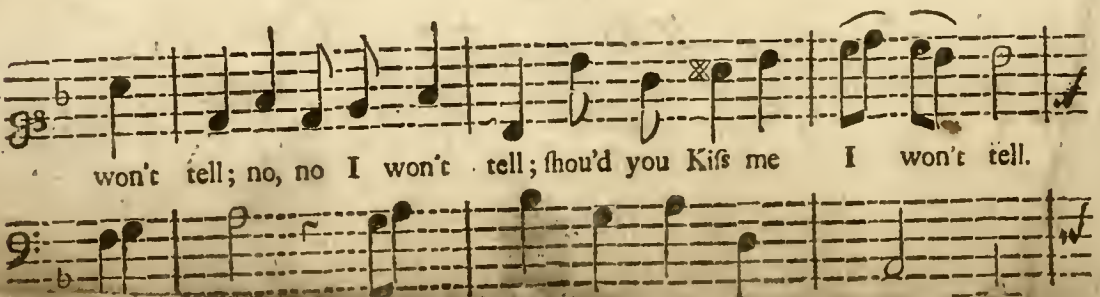
am pleas'd so well, shou'd you, shou'd you Kiss me I won't tell, shou'd you,



shou'd you Kiss me I won't tell; no, no I won't tell; no, no I



won't tell; no, no I won't tell; shou'd you Kiss me I won't tell.





*Ho.*

Tho' I cou'd do that all day, and de—fire no better play: Sure,

sure in Love there's something more, which makes Mam—ma so bigg, so

*She.*

bigg be—fore. Once by chance I hear'd it nam'd; don't ask

what, don't ask what for I'm a—sham'd: Stay but till you're

past Fif—teen, then you'll know, then, then you'll know what 'tis I

mean, then you'll know then, then you'll know what 'tis I mean.

*He.*

How—e—ver, lose not pre—sent Bliss; but now we're a—

—lone let's Kiss, but now we're a—lone let's Kiss, let's Kiss.

*She.* *He.*

My Breasts do so heave, so heave, so hea—ve. My Heart does so

*She.*

pant, pant, pant. There's something, something, something more we

*He.*

There's something, something, something more we

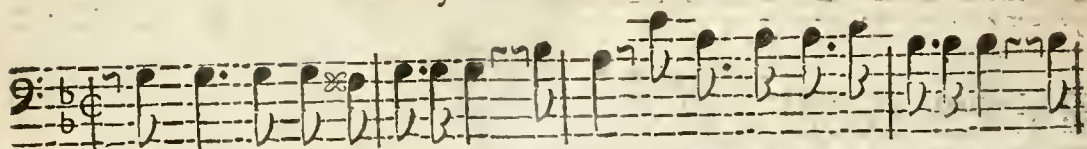
want, there's something, something, something more we want.

want, there's something, something, something more we want.

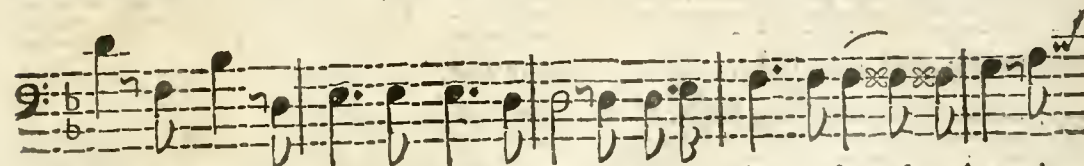
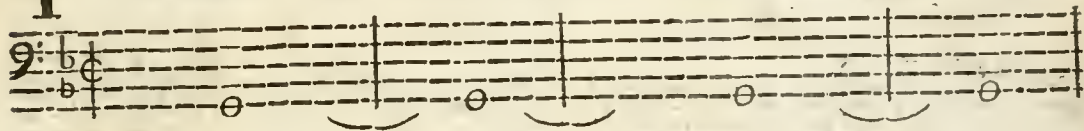
want, there's something, something, something more we want.



The Conjurers Song, Sung in the Third Act of the *Indian Queen*.  
Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.



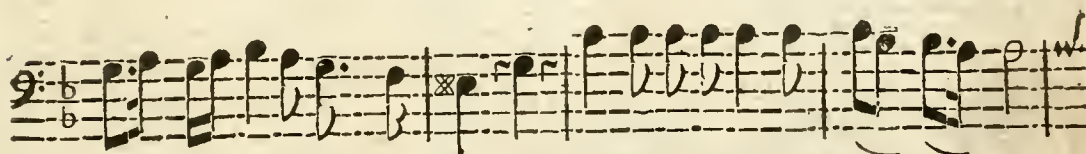
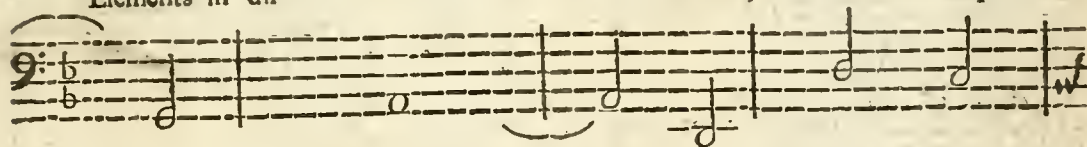
Y O U twiceten hundred De-i-ries, to whom; to whom we dai-ly Sacrifice; Ye



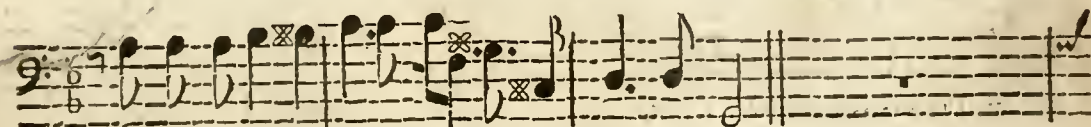
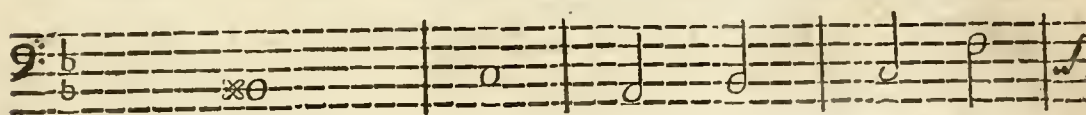
Pow'rs, ye Pow'rs that dwell with Fates below, and see what Men are doom'd to doe; where



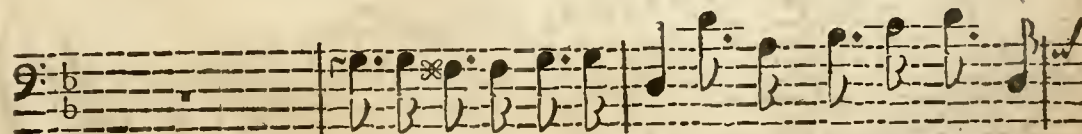
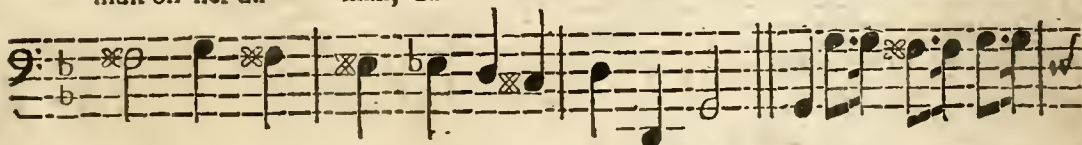
Elements in dis— cord dwell, thou God of sleep a—



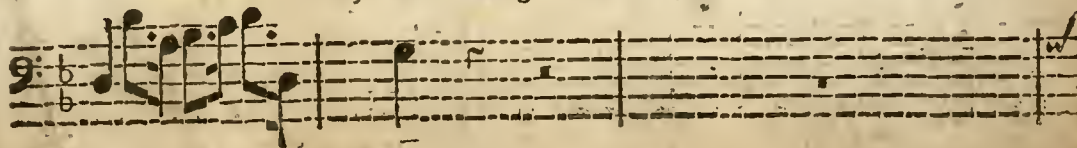
ri— se and tell; tell great Zempoalla, what strange, strange Fate

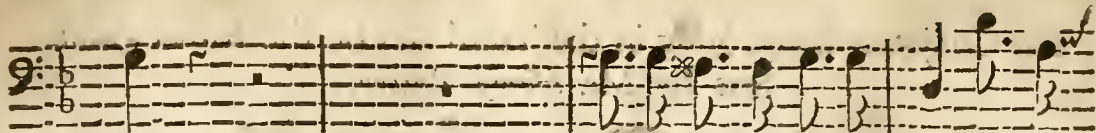


must on her dis— mall, dis— mall Vi-sion wait.



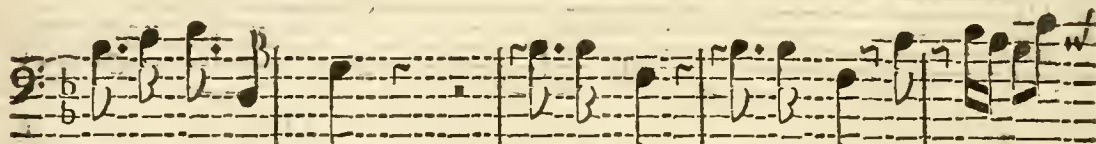
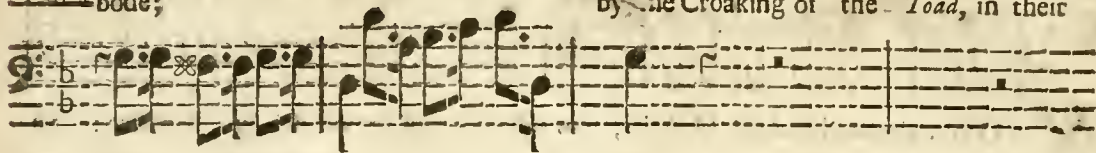
By the Croaking of the Toad, in their Caves that make a—





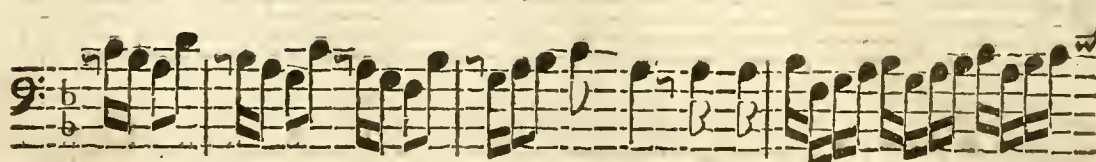
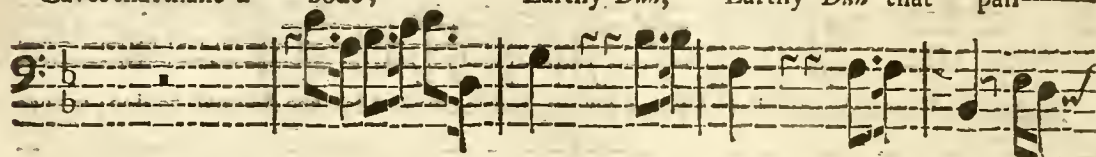
bode;

by the Croaking of the Toad, in their

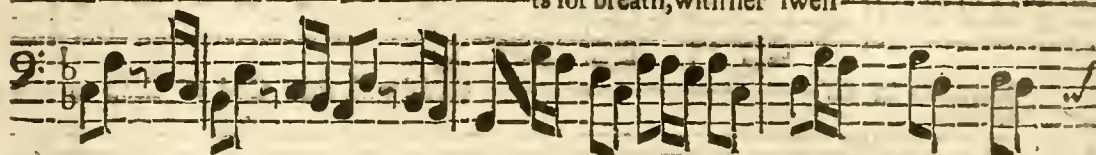


Caves that make a — bode;

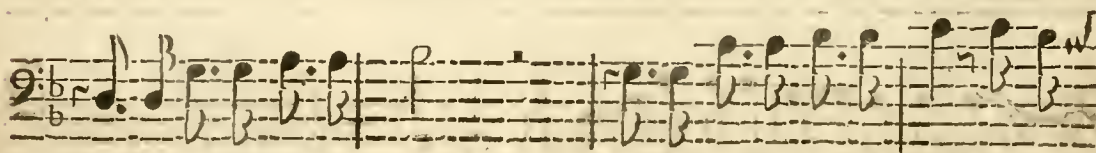
Earthy *Dum*, Earthy *Dum* that pan —



ts for breath, with her swell —



—d sides full, fu — ll, fu — ll of death;



By the Crested *Adders* Pride,

by the Crested *Adders* Pride, that a —



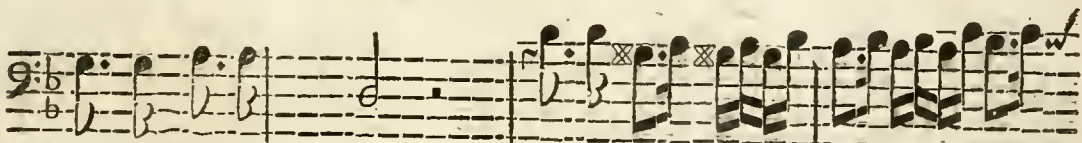
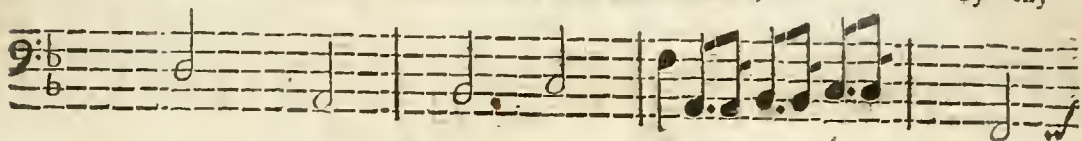
—long the Cliffs doe gli — de, by thy



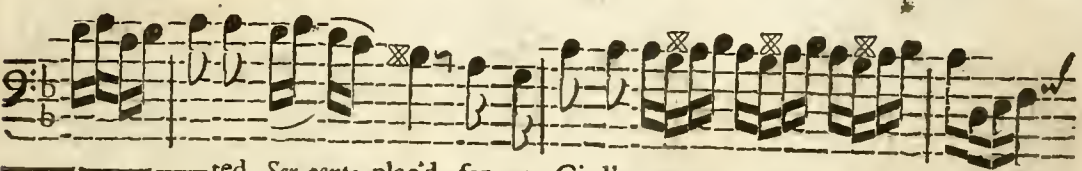
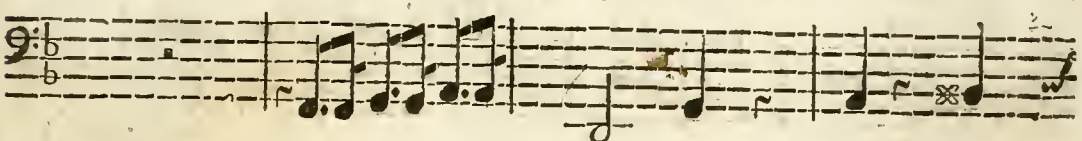




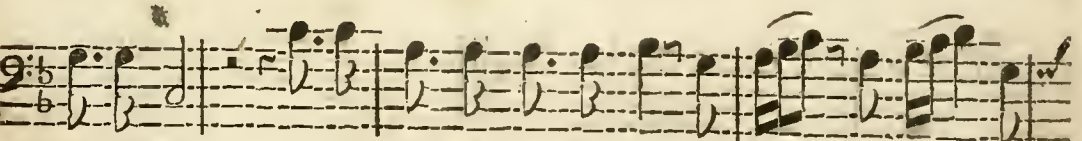
Vifage, by thy Vifage feir ——— ce and black, by thy



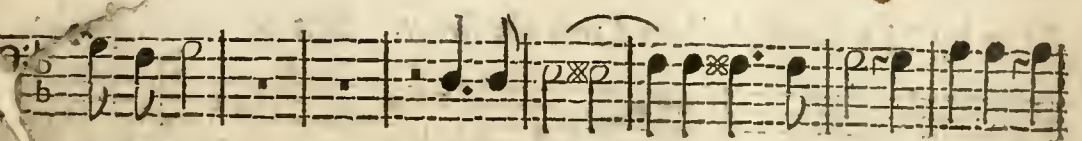
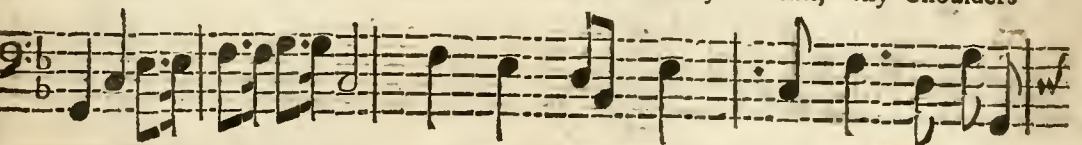
Deaths Head on thy Back; by thy twis ———



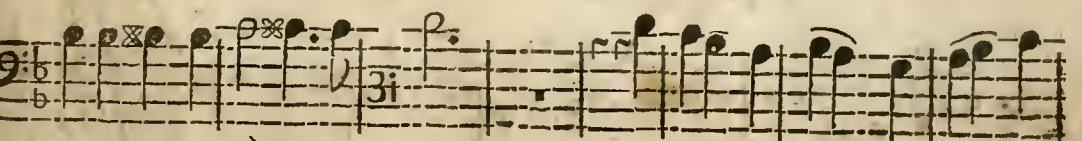
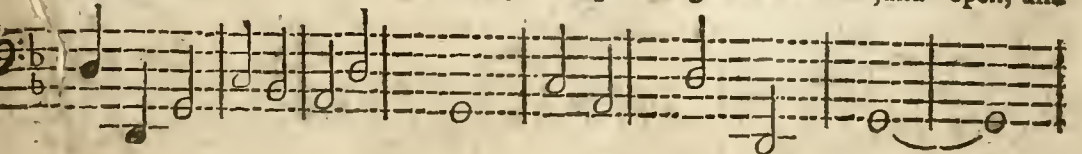
red Ser-pents plac'd, for a Girdle rou ———



—nd thy Wast; by the Hearts of Gold that deck thy Breaſt, thy Shoulders



and thy Neck; from thy Sleep ——— ing Manſion riſe, and open, and



open thy un-will-ing Eyes. While bubbling Springs their Mu-ſick



keep, while bubbling Springs their Musick keep, that use to Lull thee,

use to Lull thee, Lull thee in thy Sleep, that use to

Lull thee, Lull thee, Lull thee, use to Lull thee, Lull thee

in thy Sleep.

Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle in *Cyrus the Great*. Sett by Mr J. Lesles.

O H! O h! o h! o h!

h! oh! take him gent-ly, gent-ly, gent-ly from the Pile, and



lay him, lay him here, lay him here to rest, and I will scor ————— ch for

him the while, If heemust, If heemust burn, then bur ————— n him

in my breaff. For there, there is fire, there is

fir ————— e, there is fir

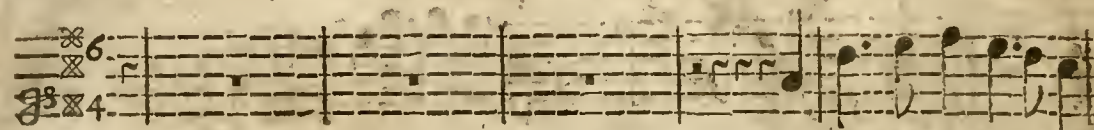
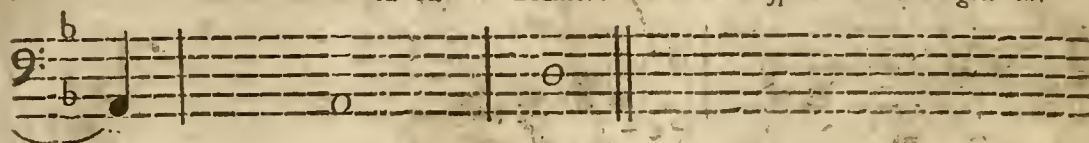
e, there is shame enough to fet the wor

ld, the wor

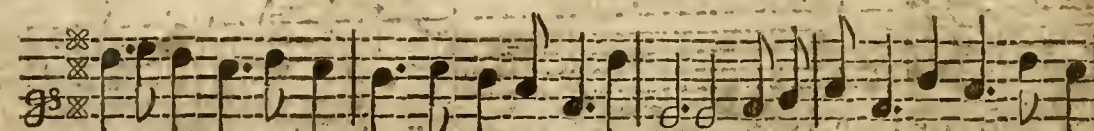
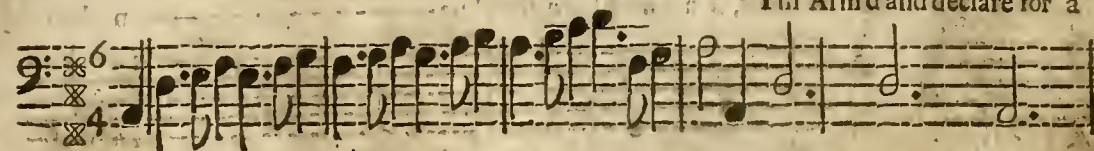




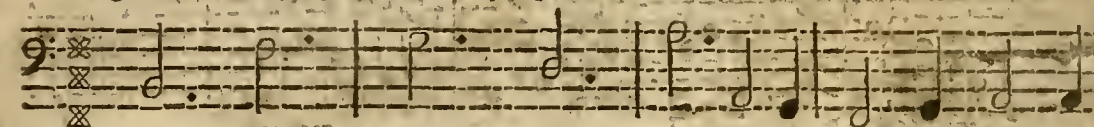
*She speaks and then goes on.*



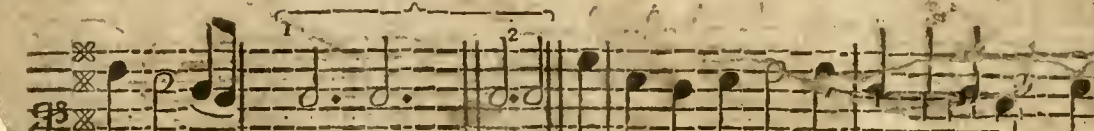
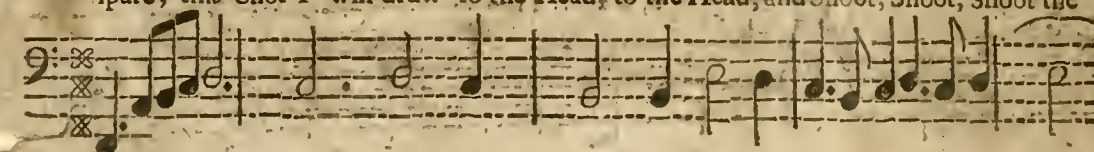
*I'm Arm'd and declare for a*



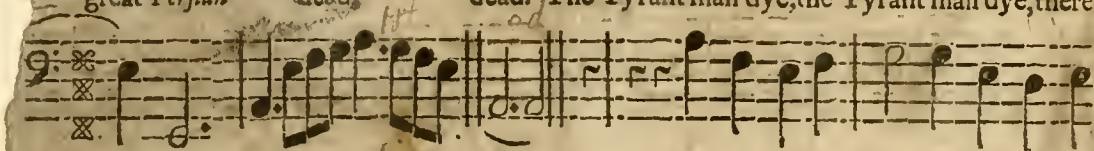
*Vigorous Warr, by my Bow and my Quiver. I swear, not a Rebel to Love will I*



*spare; this Shot I will draw to the Head, to the Head, and Shoot, Shoot, Shoot the*



*great Persian dead. dead. The Tyrant shall dye, the Tyrant shall dye, there's*



*one, there's one will deny him, deny him, deny him, there's one will deny him; let him*

